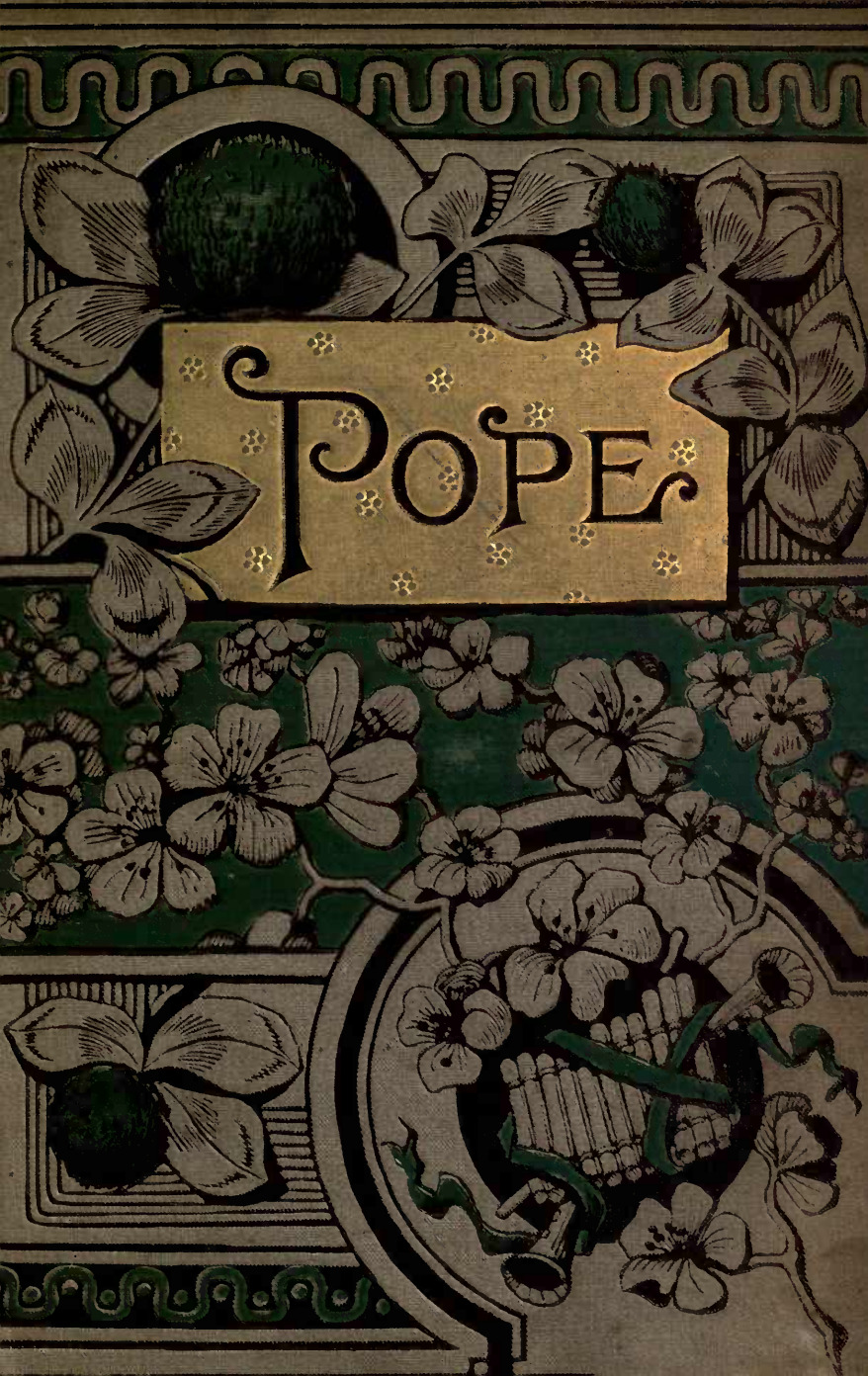
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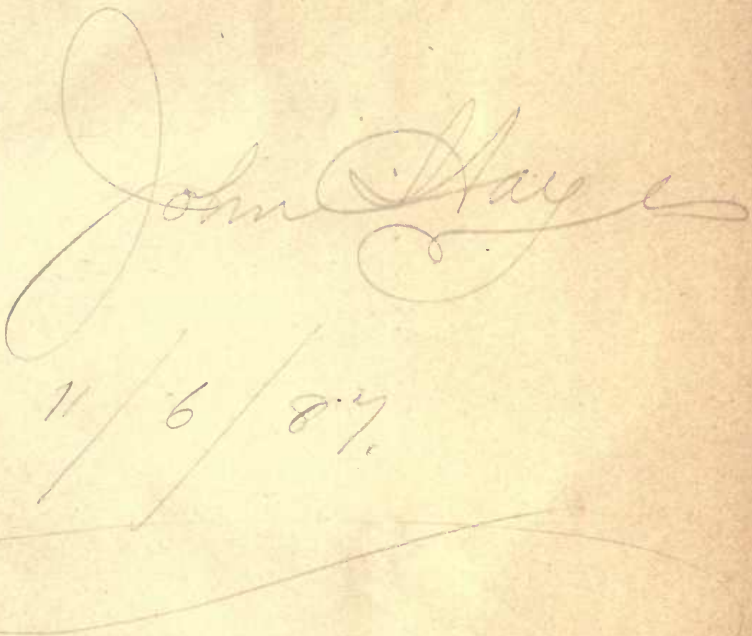

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IN MEMORY OF

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There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH

MEMOIR, EXPLANATORY NOTES, ETC.,

BY THE

AUTHOR, WARBURTON, AND OTHERS.

NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:
BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.

PRINTED AND BOUND BY
DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY,
CHICAGO.

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MEMOIR OF POPE.

In the year 1688, on the second day of the month of May, there was born in Lombard Street, London, a child who was destined, very early in his life, to polish the English language to the highest pitch; and to give utterance in eloquent words, many of which have become proverbial, to the peculiar common sense and thought of his country.

That child was Alexander Pope; a tender, beautiful infant, but delicate, ailing, and slightly deformed by excessive weakness; of sweet and gentle disposition; and with a voice so melodious that he was called in fondness "The little nightingale."

His father was (he says himself) of a good family, and had made about twenty thousand pounds in trade—a very considerable sum in those days; his mother, Editha Pope, was one of the Yorkshire Turners.

Alexander was taught reading by an aunt; and at seven or eight years of age became passionately fond of it. He learned to write by imitating printed books, which he did with great skill.

The parents of Pope were Roman Catholics; he was consequently placed with a Catholic priest, who resided in Hampshire, for education. The child was then eight years of age. Mr. Taverner, his tutor, appears to have been worthy of his pupil. By a method very rarely practised, he taught the little lad Greek and Latin at the same time. He also taught the child to love the classics by letting him read Ogilby's Homer, and Sandys's translation of Ovid in English. Ogilby does not seem to have impressed him favourably, though of course he was indebted to him for his first knowledge of the immortal tale of Troy; but of Sandys he declares in his notes to the Iliad "that English poetry owes much of its beauty to his translations." His poem of "Sandys's Ghost" (p. 383) shows how long he treasured his boyish predilection for this translation. Under the care of Mr. Taverner the young poet made great and rapid progress. He was, when older, removed to a school at Twyford, a lovely village near Winchester; but the master was so inferior to his first instructor, that the little fellow lampooned him, and was consequently sent home in disgrace. Pope could not remember when first he began to write verses; "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," he says of himself. From pleasant Twyford and its inefficient master, he was removed to a school at Hyde Park Corner. While here, occasional visits

to the theatre roused his infant genius, and he formed a play from Ogilby's translation of the Iliad, with verses of his own interspersed, which was acted by his schoolfellows: his master's gardener personating the mighty Ajax. He used to say that at these schools he lost a little of that which he had acquired under Mr. Taverner; but as he translated at them more than a fourth part of Ovid's Metamorphoses," his loss must have been chiefly in Greek.

Whilst little Alexander Pope was at school, his parents were residing at a small house which his father had purchased, at Binfield in Windsor Forest. The hopes of Mr. Pope had, naturally, been cruelly disappointed when the king, who was of his own faith, fled, and Dutch William assumed the government wrested from his wife's father. Conscientiously he could not lend the usurper's government a penny of his honestly earned savings, therefore he kept his fortune in a chest, and lived on the capital—a sure way of diminishing the inheritance of the son he dearly loved, but whose worldly interests he would not place above the sincere dictates of his conscience. No doubt, in this our day, such a mode of action would be sneered at as fanatical and absurd. Let us at least allow that it was honest; perhaps, if conscientious scruples existed still, we should not hear of such frequent ruin; at least Mr. Pope—*père*—preserved and enjoyed his wealth, and knew no fear of the bankruptcy of Moslem creditors.

It was to this pretty cottage by the wayside, with a row of elms in front, separating it from the road, and twenty acres of land behind it, that Mr. Pope recalled his gifted child, when Alexander had attained the age of twelve; and so sweet and tranquil was his home, that the little fellow broke forth at once into rhyme and wrote the "Ode on Solitude;" see page 358. His father and mother must have been delighted with it. The father, proud of the child's precocious talents, encouraged him to write verses, criticising them, and never consenting to be satisfied till they had been made as perfect as the young poet could render them; that "best" attained, he would say with paternal satisfaction, "These are good rhymes!"

A happy life for the studious boy if only he had not suffered so from cruel headaches, and been unable to join in boyish sports or exercise. For a few months he had a tutor at home, a Mr. Deane; but did only a little of "Tully's offices" with him. Thenceforward Pope taught himself; and—at twelve years old!—formed a plan of study from which he never deviated.

Reading the English poets of those days—amongst whom Shakespeare was scarcely reckoned—he at once detected the superiority of Dryden, and, in his youthful enthusiasm, persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house frequented by the great poet, that he might at least gaze on "Glorious John." As Dryden died before Pope was twelve years old, this visit must, however, date previous to his return to the Binfield home.

At fourteen he made a version of the first book of the "Thebais" of Statius; he translated also the epistle from Sappho to Phaon—from Ovid—and modernised Chaucer's "January and May," and "Prologue to the Wife of Bath." At fourteen, also, he wrote his poem on "Silence" in imitation of Lord Rochester's "Nothing."

At fifteen he became desirous of adding a knowledge of modern languages to Greek and Latin; he went to London, and learned French and Italian. Returning to his home, he appears to have devoted himself to literary pursuits. He wrote a tragedy, a comedy, and an epic poem; and confesses that "he thought himself a great genius." The boy rated himself only at his real value. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Geneviève, the epic poem was called "Alcander;" but the maturer judgment of the man condemned all these performances to destruction. He was also a great and universal reader.

Before he was quite sixteen he won a friend of the greatest importance to his future success in life.

Scarcely two miles from the residence of Pope's father there lived, at that time, Sir William Trumbull or Trumball. He had been a statesman and an ambassador, but at sixty years of age, sought repose and quiet enjoyment in the country. The boy of genius was introduced to the old man of society and politics, and both were charmed by the acquaintance.

In 1704 the lad submitted his MS. "Pastorals" to the inspection of his new friend, and received the highest commendation from him. The MS. was shown to competent judges, who at once decided that it evinced the dawn of genius. In the present day the Pastorals will scarcely be thought to presage such a future as that of the witty satirist and shrewd thinker: but if we consider how inferior the poets of that age were—Dryden alone surviving from them—we shall not wonder at Sir William Trumbull's admiration of Pope's smooth and elegant verses.

The "Pastorals (still in MS.) were shown next—perhaps by Sir William himself—to the old dramatist Wycherley, who lived near; this celebrated wit, then near seventy, professed himself enchanted with the poems, and at once invited Pope to his house. A friendship sprang up between the youth of sixteen and the septuagenarian; the former paying the natural homage of youth to the fashionable writer of the age just passing away; the selfish old *roué* anxious to use the great talents of the young poet in the revision of his own writings.

By Wycherley, the "Pastorals" were shown to Cromwell, an amateur critic and man of the world; and by Cromwell to Walsh, a minor poet, but who it seems was a very judicious critic.

The friendship between Wycherley and Pope was not, however, of long duration. The old writer requested the young one to correct his poems; Pope complied, and did his task honestly and thoroughly; but with ingenuous frankness

ended by advising Wycherley to turn his poems into prose! The old bard never forgave this plain speaking, but Pope retained a feeling of kindness for his friend to the last, and visited him shortly before his death.

Walsh, whose own poems have long since sunk to oblivion, encouraged Pope by his praise; and advised him to especially study correctness, hitherto entirely neglected by English poets.

The "Pastorals" were published in 1709 in Tonson's Miscellany, in a volume "which began with the 'Pastorals' of Philips," says Johnson, "and ended with those of Pope." The same year he wrote the "Essay on criticism." Addison praised it in the "Spectator;" but the celebrated critic of the day, Dennis, wrote an abusive pamphlet against it, and Pope allowed that Dennis had hit upon some blunders in the first edition. His co-religionists also reprobated this Essay as being too severe on the monastic orders, and too laudatory of Erasmus. The poem is a very remarkable one to have been written by a youth of twenty years of age.

It was followed by the beautiful poem "The Messiah," written at the suggestion of Steele, and criticised by him before its publication in the "Spectator." The "Verses on an Unfortunate Lady" were composed about the same time as the Essay. There is no absolute certainty even now as to whom this lady might have been. It is said that her name was Winsberry, and that she was a sister of Lord Gage;—that she was the same lady to whom the Duke of Buckingham wrote a song, entitled "To a Lady retiring to a Convent;" by Voltaire she was said to be a lady who had fallen in love with a French prince, the Duke of Berry, and whose love had proved vain and hopeless.

In 1711 Pope produced that poem which at once placed him on the highest eminence of fame, "The Rape of the Lock." It was founded on fact, and was good-naturedly meant to reconcile friends who had quarrelled. In the second edition he rendered the poem a masterpiece of its kind, by the delicate and playful machinery of the sylphs. Addison advised him not to venture on this elegant and fanciful addition to the original, but Pope clung to his idea with the tenacity of genius, and, finally, finding it successful, suspected the cautious critic of jealousy, and of a wish to prevent him (Pope)from taking a high place in literature.

"The 20th of September, 1714, was distinguished," says Bowles, "by the coronation of George the First. On this occasion the following verses (Epistle to Miss Blount) were written, generally understood (and so given out by Pope) as addressed to Martha Blount . . . . . ." They were, however, really addressed to her sister Teresa, who at that time was thought a reigning beauty in London.

In the quaint fashion of the age, Teresa Blount had for some years corresponded with a Mr. James Moore—afterwards he took the name in addition of Smythe or Smith—as Zephalinda, the gentleman rejoicing in the *nom de plume* of Alexis, while Martha was called Parthenia. The names,

therefore, in the epistle, prove that it was sent to Teresa; and the fact of her friendship or flirtation with Mr. Moore Smythe, explains why so insignificant a writer as he was should have had a place in the "Dunciad." About this time Pope published the "Temple of Fame," an imitation of Chaucer; and in 1712 "Windsor Forest."

Hitherto he had earned fame, but not much pecuniary profit from his poetry, and his father's steadily diminishing hoard in the chest only allowed the old gentleman to give his gifted son a small allowance. Pope said that he wanted money even to buy books. Possessing in a great degree the common sense which accompanies the higher development of genius, he resolved to endeavour to achieve an independence for himself.

He therefore solicited a subscription to an intended translation of "Homer's Iliad." In 1688, Milton's "Paradise Lost" had been published with great success, in folio, by subscription, under the patronage of Lord Somers; Dryden's "Virgil" had been readily subscribed for also; Pope trusted, therefore, that the popularity he had already attained would stand him in good stead: and it did. He obtained a very full list of subscribers for a folio edition in six volumes at a guinea apiece. Bernard Lintot, the great bookseller, purchased the copyright of the work at a liberal price, and Pope gained altogether £5,320 by the translation of the "Iliad." He secured with this money annuities on his life, which raised him above pecuniary anxieties in the future. His whole income is said to have been about £800 a year. Broome and Jortin assisted him with the notes to the "Iliad;" and his friend Parnell wrote the life of Homer, but Pope altered and improved it. He is said to have been assisted greatly in his work by Chapman's admirable translation, and also by Latin versions of the great Greek poet. Pope received an offer, while engaged on the work, of a pension of £300 a year from Mr. Craggs; who was then Secretary of State; but he declined it.

The publication of the "Iliad" placed him at the acme of his reputation; but it cost him the friendship of Addison, of which he had long been proud. The origin of the quarrel was the production by Tickell—a protégé and friend of Addison's—of a rival "Iliad," the same year that Pope published his first volume. This translation was greatly puffed by Addison and his friends—Addison saying that "Tickell had more of Homer" than Pope, and that his (Tickell's) was the best translation ever published.

The world, however, decided against his opinion in this matter as it had previously with regard to the "Rape of the Lock." The other circumstances of their quarrel are thus related by Pope:—

"The author of the 'Pastorals' already mentioned, Philips, seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversations: and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick"—Addison's son-in-

law—"himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us. and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner; I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my Satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after."

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

Great efforts have been made since Dr. Johnson wrote his charming life of Pope, to defend Addison at Pope's expense. It really would seem as if some ill-fairy had dowered the poet at his birth with the power of making enemies, so savagely was he abused in life; so bitterly has he been maligned since his death. The distance of a century, the sanctity of the grave, have not preserved his memory from evil speakers; from the judgment of narrow-minded men, utterly unable to take a large and generous view of this wonderful—gifted—afflicted genius. What would *they* have been had they been born so deformed—so small—so delicate?—had they lived in continual pain? Would they have been half as generous, or at all better tempered than the poet?

Nature had compensated in a degree for his infirmities by granting him "the precious jewel" of poetic genius; but he was not as others!—he could not even dress himself—he was never wholly free from pain—"his life was one long disease." He was scorned by one woman, who herself acknowledged having laughed at him when he spoke to her of the love she had encouraged, and which (however sinful on his part) deserved at least pity: towards the close of his life he bore patiently with the caprices and selfishness of another.

Even the literary success of the mere boy raised enemies against him, and unhappily he was keenly sensitive, and does not seem to have possessed that thick-skinned self-conceit, which would have enabled him to look down on the insects that beset him. No wonder he was peevish—no marvel that he used the mighty weapon of defence with which he was endowed, and lashed his assailants with his pen! As one reads some of the pitiless abuse of him, one wishes that he could have put his posthumous critics in a new "Dunciad." But we wander from his Memoir.

Pope, soon after the publication of the "Iliad," bought a villa at Twickenham for his life, and removed thither with

his father and mother, to whom he was a most devoted son; to his mother especially, whose old age he cherished with the tenderest care and love.

In this new home he planted vines and made a grotto, and gathered round him a circle of the most distinguished men of the age, who were proud to call him friend,—and here his first great domestic affliction occurred; he lost his father at the age of 74.

In 1720, he was presented with some shares in the South Sea Company, by Craggs and another friend, Sir Francis Child, the banker: perhaps also he purchased some himself. But the gigantic bubble burst, and Pope congratulated himself that he had not previously sold his shares; and enriched himself at the expense of those who were ruined. In 1721 he published his friend Parnell's works, with an exquisite Epistle to Lord Oxford, and in the same year produced an edition of Shakespeare. In this he was thought to have failed, and never, it is said, reflected on it afterwards without vexation. Theobald, a heavy dull man, but industrious, published a book called "Shakespeare Restored," in which he pointed out the poet-editor's deficiencies with great insolence. "Yet Pope," says Dr. Johnson, "was the first that knew—at least the first who told how texts might be improved, ..." and he directed public attention to Shakespeare's works (which had then been but little read) by his elegant preface, in which he drew the great dramatist's character admirably. Soon after this editing, Pope published a translation of the "Odyssey," also by subscription. In this work he was materially assisted by Fenton and Broome. In his proposals for the work, he announces that the subscription was not solely for his own use, but for that also of two of his friends who had assisted him in the work. Of the "Odyssey" he translated only twelve books; the others were done by Fenton and Broome.

The publication of it introduced to him a friend who continued faithful to his last hours. Spence, prelector of poetry at Oxford, wrote a criticism on the new translation. It was just, but fair. Pope, who in him for the first time found a candid critic, sought his acquaintance, and they were much and familiarly together for the future.

In 1723 he suffered great sorrow through the exile of his friend Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, to whom he was very much attached, and who had endeavoured to win him over to the Church of England. His letters to Atterbury are full of tenderness and gratitude. "Perhaps," he says, "it is not only in this world that I shall have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester."

In 1727 he joined his friend Swift in publishing three volumes of "Miscellanies."

In 1728, (following Atterbury's advice "to write satires") he published the "Dunciad." Of the first edition, his old antagonist Theobald was the hero; in a future one he gave the place to Colley Cibber.

The poem has ceased to have any interest save as a

curiosity. The "Dunces" were not worth remembering, and have all sunk into oblivion, being preserved only like flies in amber by the poet's genius. In this the "Dunciad" greatly differs from "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the heroes of which ranked (some of them) as high as their satirist.

In 1731 he published the first of his "Moral Essays"—"On Taste."

He criticises in it the false taste of ostentation in the character of Timon—by whom he was supposed to have meant the Duke of Chandos. An outcry was instantly raised against him, "that he had received a thousand pounds and great hospitality from the Duke, and had thus repaid him." But Pope publicly denied having ever received the money, and wrote an explanatory letter to the Duke.

In 1733 he published the first part of the "Essay on Man," anonymously. It sold well, and the second and third epistles then appeared. At last, in 1734, he publicly avowed himself its author. Crousaz, a Swiss professor of very serious views, happened to read Resnel's French translation of the epistle, and condemned it as leading to infidelity; it was defended by Warburton, a man of great learning and a clergyman. Pope was delighted at being vindicated from the suspicion of having written against revelation; and formed in consequence a warm and lasting friendship with Warburton. He introduced his champion to Mr. Murray, through whose influence he became preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave Warburton his niece in marriage, and finally left him his estate. Warburton became Bishop of Gloucester. Pope left him also the property of his works, which Dr. Johnson estimates at four thousand pounds. Bolingbroke was supposed to have given Pope the idea of the "Essay on Man," and his suspected infidel principles led to a distrust of the aim of the poem. But we are assured that Bolingbroke carefully concealed his real opinions from his friend.

The "Moral Essays" followed the "Essay on Man."

Horace Walpole tells a scandalous story of the Duchess of Marlborough having given Pope a thousand pounds to withhold the character of Atossa—which she recognised as her own—from the epistle, and of his nevertheless publishing it after her death. But there is actually no certain proof of the truth of this assertion, and the Duchess's gift of a thousand pounds was probably as apocryphal as that of the Duke of Chandos had been proved to be. It is unlikely altogether that Pope, who prided himself on his independence—who had refused a pension from Craggs—and lost the patronage of the powerful Lord Halifax by not dedicating the "Iliad" to him—would condescend to a bribe—even, as is suggested, at the instigation of Martha Blount, his favourite friend; nor is it very likely that the avaricious Duchess would have offered it. In English fairness we ought to give the benefit of the doubt to a man whose strict integrity has been generally acknowledged; but whom such

At fourteen he made a version of the first book of the "Thebais" of Statius; he translated also the epistle from Sappho to Phaon—from Ovid—and modernised Chaucer's "January and May," and "Prologue to the Wife of Bath." At fourteen, also, he wrote his poem on "Silence," in imitation of Lord Rochester's "Nothing."

The "Pastorals" were published in 1790; and the same year he wrote the "Essay on Criticism." In 1711 Pope produced "The Rape of the Lock," which placed him on the highest eminence of fame.

In 1727 he joined his friend Swift in publishing three volumes of Miscellanies; and the following year he published "The Dunciad."

In 1733 he published the first part of the "Essay on Man," anonymously, which was followed by "Moral Essays."

Between 1730 and 1740, Pope published the "Satires in Imitation of Horace." He also produced a revival of Dr. Donne's "Satires," in smoother verse. These publications were followed by the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," in which is the character of Atticus that he had so long before sent to Addison.

It is time now to say something about the two loves or female friendships of Pope's life.

In 1716 he became acquainted with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, a beautiful woman of great genius, and very unconventional manners. Accustomed only to the society of the homely ordinary women of his own class—to "vixenish" Teresa, or dull Martha Blount—both of whom had rather taken his young fancy, Lady Mary must have been a very dazzling vision to the poet. She was attracted by his fame, and probably also by his conversation, and they became friends. She accompanied her husband, Mr. Montagu, to Constantinople, whither he had been sent as ambassador, and during her absence corresponded with Pope, who sent for her perusal his "Epistle from Eloïsa to Abelard;" at the close of which he hinted at his own feelings.

On her return, Lady Mary went to reside, at his request, at Twickenham, and here they quarrelled. She is said to have acknowledged that he made professions of love to her, and that she laughed in his face, a strange way of treating such wicked folly; and cruel also, as the offender was so sadly deformed and dwarfish; the offended poet never forgave her; and certainly behaved very badly in treating her with contempt in his "Essay on Woman."

Lord Hervey, a great friend of the lady's, and Lady Mary herself, attacked him in their turn with great bitterness, and the feud raged between them with grave faults on both sides.

Teresa Blount had already scorned the more youthful homage of Pope; probably no woman would have cared to marry him; but with Martha he formed a warm Platonic friendship, much resembling that which existed between Cowper and Mrs. Unwin—only Pope (who we are not aware was ever engaged to be married to Miss Blount, as Cowper

was to Mrs. Unwin) was slandered as well as the lady, while Cowper was suffered to enjoy a woman's friendship without blame. In both instances a tender female friend was especially required. The one poet physically so weak, and with few or no female relatives—a man whose life was full of bodily suffering; and the other mentally afflicted. But Pope, less happy than his brother poet, is said not to have found the full comfort in Martha Blount's friendship that Cowper did in Mary Unwin's. Martha treated her poet friend with great unkindness. Dr. Johnson tells us:—

"While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked—'What, is he not dead yet?' She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay; yet, of the little which he had to leave, she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early: the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might have filled her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness."

From the same writer we transcribe the closing scenes of Pope's life:—

"In May, 1744, his death was approaching; on the sixth, he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

"Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay, and being told by Spence, that Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, 'It has so.' And added, 'I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind.' At another time he said, 'I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than'—His grief then suppressed his voice

"Pope expressed undoubted confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend, Mr. Hooke, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called, he answered, 'I do not think it essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it.'

"In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.'

"He died in the evening of the thirtieth day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester."

Thus closed, at the age of fifty-six, the life of a poet whose words are even now—more than a hundred years after his death—the expression of much English thought and feeling. Who does not often quote or see quoted those almost proverbial lines:—

"To err is human; to forgive divine."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Man never *is* but always *to be* blest."

"Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

"An honest man 's the noblest work of God."

"Who looks through Nature up to Nature's God."

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul," &c., &c.

Pope was the best of sons and of masters; the truest and most affectionate of friends—a good Christian—an honest man.

Out of £800 a year, he gave away in *known* acts of charity £100.

Johnson, to whose Life of Pope in the Chandos Classics we refer the reader, tells us:

"Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddices made of stiff canvas, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was

not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

"His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

"The indulgence and accomodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour; as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

> 'C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
> C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.'

When he wanted to sleep he 'nodded in company;' and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

Yet the maid who waited on him said that she cared for no wages so long as she had to wait on Mr. Pope—so liberal was he to his attendants.

Such was the poet of whom England will never cease to be proud—the poet of reason, common sense, strict morality, and playful fancy—her worthy son, Alexander Pope.

Of his prose writings we need not here say much. He wrote prose with elegance and clearness. His published letters are perhaps too much studied to be good, but they were probably written, certainly corrected, with a view to publication, though the act of a needy and unscrupulous woman first brought them before the public.

They take no place in our literature; it is as a poet only that we honour Pope.

Pope was attached by principle, religion, and friendship, to the Tories; he loved the Stuarts, and had no reason to care for the Hanoverian Sovereigns. But he did not manifest any strong party rancour. He had friends amongst both the Whigs and Tories: and Sir Robert Walpole treated him with great courtesy, though he conferred no pecuniary benefits upon the Catholic poet.

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF 1716.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill-judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill-temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad poets. What we call a genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made

the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and *vice versâ* a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if anything) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire that it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing as that everybody should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection, which were not written under

the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if anything was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

PASTORAL POEMS,

WITH A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704. PUBLISHED 1709.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!—*Virg.*

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.[1]

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind,

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[1]These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh (whom Mr. Dryden in his postscript to Virgil calls the best critic of his age): "The author," says he, "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His preface is very judicious and learned."—*Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap.* 1705. The Lord Lansdown, about the same time mentioning the youth of our poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr. Wycherley) that "if he goes on as he has begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman," &c. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse: whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.—*Pope.*

the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral.[1] It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquility than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both;[2] the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,[3] brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,[4] and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.[5] This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry pro-

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[1] Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.—*Pope.*
[2] Heinsius in Theoer,—*Pope.*
[3] Rapin, de Carm. Past. p. 2.—*Pope.*
[4] Rapin. Reflex. sur l'Art Poet, d Arist. p. 2. Reflex 27.—*Pope.*
[5] Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.—*Pope.*

ceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquility of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.[1] Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way: but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral), that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idylia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact to his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen[2] as well as shepherds.[3] He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idylia. But it is enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavored to make these ancients their pattern.

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[1] Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.—*Pope.*

[2] ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl x., and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl 21.—*Pope.*

[3] The tenth and twenty-first idyl here alluded to contain some of the most exquisite strokes of nature and poetry anywhere to be met with, as does the beautiful description of the carving on the cup, which indeed is not a cup, but a very large pastoral vessel or cauldron.—*Warton.*

The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spencer. Tasso in his "Aminta" has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his "Gerusalemme" he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem,[1] the pastoral comedy in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spencer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil.[2] Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. The last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons, whereas the old English country phrases of Spencer were either entirely obsolete or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it; whence it comes to pass, that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spencer's: that in order to add to this variety, the

[1] The "Aminta" of Tasso was not the first pastoral drama in Italian, "Il Sacrificio of Agostino Beccarei was the first, who boasts of it in his prologue, and who died very old in 1590.—*Warton.*

[2] Dedication to Virgil, Ecl.—*Pope.*

several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL; OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.[1]

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains;
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy bank Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades[2] you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But, charmed to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flock shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Poured o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!

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[1] Our author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resigned his employment of Secretary of State to King William.—*Pope.*

[2] Sir Wm. Trumbull was born in Windsor Forest (1630), to which he retreated after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. He died in 1716.—*Pope.*

Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor[1] shines so clear,
And lavish nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrowed plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground,
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise
With Waller's strains, or Granville's[3] moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;

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[1] Phosphor—the planet Venus when she is the morning star.

[2] Literally from Virgil, Eclogue III.: "Alternis dicetis: amant alterna Camœnæ. Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos: Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus."—*Pope.*

[3] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his poems, most of which he composed very young, and proposed Waller as his model.—*Pope.*

"Pascite taurum,
Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam." *Virg.* Ecl. iii. 86.—*Pope.*

No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain.
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes.

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;[1]
Blessed Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns,[2] the skies relent in show'rs,
Hushed are the birds, and closed the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquished nature seems to charm no more.

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[1] Phaeton's sisters, being at his death changed into poplars, shed tears, which, according to the classical fable, were turned to drops of amber.

[2] Virgil, Ecl, vii.:
"Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aeris herba, &c.
Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit."—*Pope.*

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous tree that sacred monarchs bears;[1]
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields;[2]
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs,
The turf with rural dainties shall be crowned,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see, the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

---

[1] An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester.—*Pope.*

[2] The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. III.:

"Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto."

The thistle is the emblem of Scotland: the fleur-de-lis, or lilly of France.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL; OR, ALEXIS.

TO DR. GRATH,[1]

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeans on the waters played,[2]
And verdant alders formed a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourned, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented[3] in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth, the muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to the bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, not to the deaf I sin,[4]
"The woods shall answer, and their echoes ring."[5]
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parched with heat, and I inflamed with thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal reigns.
Where stray ye, muses, in what lawn or grove,[6]

---

[1] Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the "Dispensary," was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.—*Pope.*

[2] The scene of this pastoral is by the river's side; suitable to the heat of the season; the time noon.—*Pope.*

[3] "Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri."—*Virg.* Ecl. VII.—*Pope.*

[4] "Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ."—*Virg.* Ecl. X.—*Pope.*

[5] A line from Spencer's "Epithalamion."—*Pope.*

[6] "Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ.
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi.
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."
Virg. Ecl. X. 9, *out of Theocr.*—*Pope.*

While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,[1]
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skilled in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays
That flute is mine which Colin's[2] tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death.[3]
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thine list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan[4] applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestowed again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.

---

[1] Virgil again (Ecl. II.) from the "Cyclops" of Theocritus,
"nuper me in littore vidi
Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnim,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallit imago."—*Pope.*

[2] The name taken by Spencer in his "Eclogues," where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda.—*Pope.*

[3] "Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis.
Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, te nunc habet ista secundum." —*Virg.* Ecl. II.

[4] Pan was the god of Shepherds.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.[1]
In woods bright Venus with Adonis strayed,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly bow'rs,
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crowned with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh, deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,[2]
And winds shall waft it to the powers above,[3]
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The won'dring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods![4] and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends.
On me love's fiercer flames forever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

---

[1] Virg. Ecl. II.:
"habitarunt dii quoque sylvas."
Ecl. X.
"Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis."—*Pope.*

[2] Your praise the tuneful birds to heaven shall bear,
And listening wolves grow milder as they hear.
So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which Spencer himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.—*Pope.*

[3] Virg. Ecl. III.:
"Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures."—*Pope.*

[4] Virg. Ecl. II.:
"Me tamen usit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?"—*Pope.*

AUTUMN.[1]

THE THIRD PASTORAL; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays,
This mourned a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' filled the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,[2]
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instruct us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skilled in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streaked with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan,
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores.
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feathered choirs neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads, and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,

[1] This pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of Virgil; the scene, a hill; the time, at sunset.—*Pope.*

[2] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were the "Plain Dealer" and "Country Wife." He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctness. —*Pope.*

Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flower, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,[1]
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,[2]
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?[3]
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admired;
Rehearse, ye muses, what yourselves inspired.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjured Doris, dying I complain:
Here, where the mountains less'ning as they rise
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

---

[1] Virg. Ecl. VIII.:

"Aurea duræ.
Mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ."—*Pope.*

[2] Virg. Ecl. V.:

"Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo."—*Pope.*

[3] Virg. Ecl. V.:

"An quì amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?"

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we passed the day:
Oft on the rind I carved her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep.
Pan came, and asked, what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes[1] malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains?
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirldwinds, and in thunder born!
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods! adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till the approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles decked the glade,
And the low sun had lengthened ev'ry shade.

---

[1] An allusion to the superstition of the evil eye.
Virg. Ecl. III.:
"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."—*Pope.*

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL; OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.[1]

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise.

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty withered, and their verdure lost!
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,[2]
That called the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard[3] the numbers as he flowed along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

---

[1] This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend, Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated Sept 9, 1706: "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm* in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight.—*Pope.*

Miss Tempest—it was the fashion in Pope's time to call young ladies "Mrs."—was the daughter of Henry Tempest, of Newton Grange, York. She died unmarried.

[2] He alludes to a poem of Congreve's, called the "Mourning Muse of Alexis," a pastoral lamenting the death of Queen Mary (William III's wife).

[3] Virg. Ecl. VI.:

"Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros."

*One of the most terrible storms on record. Several ships of war were utterly wrecked, and more mischief done than was ever known before or since.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said; "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the drooping trees appear,
Their faded honours scattered on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flourished, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
Nor thirsty heifers seek the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golded store;
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

---

[1] Virg. Ecl. V.:

"Inducite fontibus umbras—
Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen."—*Pope.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hushed with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmur shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whispered by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swelled with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high[1]
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,[2]
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews:
Arise; the pines a noxious shade diffuse;[3]

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[1] Virg. Ecl. V.:
"miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."—*Pope.*

[2] Virg. Ecl. I.:
"illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."—*Pope.*

[3] Virg. Ecl. X.:
"solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra; Juniperi gravis umbra."—*Pope.*

Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains streams and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherds, rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,
Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu![1]

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709. PUBLISHED 1711.

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[1] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularised before in each."—*Pope.*

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err is this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:[1]
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite,
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are, who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile:

---

[1] Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina *Quin.*—*Pope.*

Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his sev'ral province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides;
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife;
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;

The wingèd courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true metal when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,[1]
She drew from them what they derived from Heav'n.
The gen'rous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills[2] to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
Some drily plain without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made;
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age;
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.[3]

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[1] Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt. *Quin.—Pope.*

[2] Prescriptions.

[3] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has, however, omitted in all the editions:

Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind[1]
A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorned to draw;
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
As if the Stagirite[2] o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,

Zoilus, had these been known without a name,
Had died, and Perault n'er been damned to fame;
The sense of sound antiquity had reigned,
And sacred Homer yet been unprofaned.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confined;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.
Pope.

[1] Virgil, Eclog. VI.:
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit
It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in heroic poetry.—*Pope.*

[2] Aristotle, born at Stagyra, B.C. 384. The great ancient critic, and tutor of Alexander the Great. He died about 323 B.C.

And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade;
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.[1]

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage.
Destructive war and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise?
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,

[1] Modeste, et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne (quod plerisque accidit) damdent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. *Quin.*—*Pope.*

The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing voice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:
Pride, where wit fails steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.[1]

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the tow'ring Alps we try
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit[2]

[1] Pope wisely followed this rule himself. Some faults in this essay which his antagonist Dennis detected, the poet had the good sense to correct.

[2] Diligenter legendum est ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia sed per lectus liber utique ex intergo resumendus. *Quin.—Pope.*

With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed——but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and even thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight,[1] they say,
A certain bard encount'ring on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice;

[1] This incident is taken from a spurious second part of Don Quixote, written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and translated and remodelled by Le Sage. It will be vainly sought for in Cervante's immortal novel

Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so by Heav'n" (he answers in a rage), [stage."
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts,
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed,[1]
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
The sense they humbly take upon content.[2]
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found:
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,

[1] Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt. *Quin.* lib. 8. ch. 3.—*Pope.*

[2] On trust—that is; a common use of the word content in Pope's time.

Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence.[1]
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearned, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,[2]
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song[3]
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;[4]
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;

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[1] Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivoliæ in parvis jactantiæ.—*Quint.* lib. 1. c. 6; "Opus est, et verba a vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, se egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera ita veterum maxime nova.' *Idem.*—*Pope.*

See Ben Johnson's "Every Man out of his Humour."—*Pope.*

[3] "Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli.
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos.
Effundat junctura ungues: scit tendere versum.
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno."—Pers. Sat. 1.—*Pope.*

[4] Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem redduut. Cic. ad Heren. lib. 4. *Vide etiam Quint.* lib. 9, c. 4.—*Pope.*

While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught—
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow;
And praiae the easy vigour of a line, [join.
Where Denham's[2] strength, and Waller's sweetness
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, [main.
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,[2]
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much,
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride, or little sense;

---

[1] Sir JOHN DENHAM wrote "Cooper's Hill," a descriptive poem, in 1643. He was born 1615, died 1668. EDMUND WALLER, the well-known English poet, was born 1605, died 1687.

[2] See "Alexander's Feast, or the power of Music; an Ode by Mr Dryden.—*Pope.*

Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own
But catch the spreading notion of the town:
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality.
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,[1]
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learned by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
So schismatics the plain believers quit,

---

[1] "You ought not to write verses," said George II., who had little taste, to Lord Hervey, "'tis beneath your rank. Leave such work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade."—*Warton.*

And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolised, the next abused;
While their weak heads like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;[1]
Faith, gospel, all, seemed made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain;[2]
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.[3]
If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit,
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,

---

[1] The "Book of Sentences" was a work on theology, written by Peter Lombard, and commentated on by Thomas Acquinas.

[2] Scotists and Thomists. The Scotists were the disciples or pupils of Johannes Duns Scotus, a famous schoolman or doctor of the middle ages. "Erasmus," says Warburton, "tells us that an eminent Scotist assured him that it was impossible to understand one single proposition of this famous 'Duns' unless you had his whole metaphysics by heart." He was a teacher of the Franciscan order, called the "sable doctor," and was the last to be given up by the adherents of the old learning. Our word "Dunce" is supposed to be derived from his name. "Remember ye not," says Tyndal, "how within there these thirty years, and far less, the old barking curs, '*Dunce's* disciples' (meaning Duns Scotus), and like draff called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew?" See Trench on the "Study of Words." The Thomists were the pupils of Thomas Aquinas, another theologian of those ages, but a great genius notwithstanding.

[3] A place near Smithfield where old and secondhand books were sold.

In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;[1]
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores[2] and New Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoïlus[3] again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too pow'rful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all even that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,

---

[1] The parson alluded to was Jeremy Collier, who powerfully and justly attacked the extreme licence of the stage. The Duke of Buckingham was the critic, who ridiculed Dryden's occasional bombast in his plays. The Duke wrote the "Rehearsal," from whence Sheridan's "Critic" was undoubtedly derived.

[2] Blackmore satirised Dryden in his "Satire against Wit," 1700. He finds just fault with the indecency of Dryden's plays. Milbourn wrote "Notes to Dryden's Virgil," 1698. His criticisms were unjust and contemptible.

[3] Zoïlus was the critic on Homer. In the fifth book of Vitruvius is an account of Zoïlus coming to the Court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and presenting to him his virulent and brutal censures of Homer, and begging to be rewarded for his work. The King, it is said, ordered him to be crucified, or, as some say, stoned."—*Warton.*

The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but even in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe?
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavoured well:
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase;

When love was all an easy monarch's care;[1]
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ:[2]
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away:[3]
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;[4]
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God Himself should seem too absolute;
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titan's braved the skies,
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies,
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

III.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

---

[1] Charles II.

[2] He alludes to the Duke of Buckingham, who, as we have said, wrote "The Rehearsal."

[3] Ladies used at that time to wear masks at the play; probably on account of the immorality of the stage.

[4] The reign of William III. The principles of the Socinians are understood, of course by "Socinus." Warburton called some of the clergy of William's time *Latitudinarian divines*. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a national reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any people whatever.*—*Pope.*

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* The cancelled couplet was:

Then first the Belgian morals were extolled,
We their religion had, and they our gold.—*Croker.*

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truth more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,[1]
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.[2]
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep,
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

[1] This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: for, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this abuse of his person.—*Pope.*

[2] At that time noblemen and sons of noblemen were allowed to take the degree of M. A. after keeping the terms for two years. This absurd privilege is of course abolished.

What crowds of these impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droopings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandoned critics too,
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.[1]
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard:
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.
But, where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right!
Though learned, well-bred; and though well-bred sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind:
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

[1] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevailed: and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten.—*Pope.*

Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew,
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered nature,[1] should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire,
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,[2]
And call new beauties forth from every line .
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,[3]
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find[4]
The justest rules, and clearest method joined:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order and disposed with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,[5]

---

[1] Aristotle wrote a history of animals. Alexander gave orders that the creatures of the different countries he conquered should be sent to Aristotle for inspection.

[2] Of Halicarnassus.—*Pope.* He was an historian and critic, and lived in the first century before Christ.

[3] Petronius, an elegant Latin poet, the favourite of Nero. Being suspected of a conspiracy against the tyrant, he destroyed himself by opening his veins, A.D. 65.

[4] Quintilian, a Latin critic of great celebrity. He was intimate with Pliny, and died at Rome A.D. 60. His "Institutiones Oratoricæ" are well-known.

[5] Longinus, a native of Athens, was celebrated as a critic and philosopher. He became tutor to the children of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, and was put to death by Aurelian on the charge of having instigated her rebellion against Rome A.D. 273. His "Treatise on the Sublime" is well known.

And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own examples strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned,
Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts still followed where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.[1]
With tyranny, then superstition joined,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the monks finished what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus—that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)[2]
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse in Leo's golden days,[3]
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted and a Vida sung.[4]

---

[1] There was a gradual declination of the light of literature and the arts, except what might be called occasional corruscations of superior brilliancy from the genius of Tacitus, Juvenal, &c., from the time of Augustus to the tenth century, which seemed to envelop Europe in the darkness and ignorance of barbarism.

[2] Erasmus was one of the greatest men of the sixteenth century. He was a student of the reviving learning of the Greeks, and translated many of the classical writers;—above all the age owed him an excellent edition of the New Testament in Greek. Erasmus wrote against the corruptions of the Romish Church; and though he never left its pale, prepared the way for Luther by his "Enchiridion Militis Christiani." Erasmus visited England, and while there stayed in the house of Sir Thomas More.

[3] Leo X., son of Lorenzo de' Medici, was born at Florence 1475, and died 1521. He was very learned himself, and the encourager and patron of learned men. Italy possessed in his time the great poets Tasso and Arlosto; the historians Guicciardini and Machiavelli; Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, painters. Leo enriched the libraries of Italy with valuable MSS., and encouraged the study of the classics.

[4] Mark Jerome Vida was born at Cremona, 1470. He was a celebrated poet in his day, and one of the favorite learned men of Leo X. His works were the Ars Poetica, Christiad, &c, &c.

Immortal Vida: on whose honoured brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banished Muses passed;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourished most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.[1]
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered, and uncivilized;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,[2]
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon,[3] not more learned than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;

---

[1] Boileau, a French writer and critic. His "Art of Poetry" is his masterpiece. He was born 1636, and died 1711. His "Lutrin" and "Satires" are Standard French works. He was patronized by Louis XIV.

[2] "Essay on Poetry," by the Duke of Buckingham. Our poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this essay, and its noble author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the dedication to his translation of the Æneid: and Dr. Garth in the first edition of his "Dispensary" says—

"The Tiber now no courtly Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys;

though afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the court in the reign of Charles II., on which account, after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

"The muse's friend,
Himself a muse. In Sanadrin's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state."—*Abs. and Achit.*

Our author was more happy, he was honoured very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem.—*Pope.*

[3] Lord Roscommon, the author of an "Essay on Translated Verse." He was more learned than Buckingham, and was educated by Bochart, near Caen, in Normandy. He had formed a design for founding a society for refining and fixing the standard of English, in which project his intimate friend Dryden was a principal assistant. He was born 1633, died 1684.

To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh[1]—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous to desert;
The clearest head and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give;
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearned their wants may view,
The learned reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

---

[1] Walsh was born 1663, died 1709. He was a very inferior writer, but he was of immense service to Pope by pointing out to him that he might excel any of his predecessors by studying correctness.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.[1]

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.[2]
MART., Epigr. XII., 84.

1712

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.[3]

MADAM,—It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet, you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

---

[1] "The Rape of the Lock," says De Quincey, "is the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature offers." The stealing of the lock of hair appears to have been a fact, as Pope in Spence says that it "was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived so long in great friendship before."

[2] It appears, by this motto, that the following poem was written or published at the lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryll (a gentleman who was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose fortunes he followed into France, author of the comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The author sent it to the lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch (we learn from ne of his letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711, in two cantos only, and it was so printed; first, in a miscellany of Bern, Lintot's, without the name of the author. But it was received so well that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the sylphs, and extended it to five cantos. . . . This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his skill and art as a poet.—*Warburton.*

[3] Mrs., not Miss, was prefixed to the names of unmarried ladies at that period as well as to those of married ones. Miss was used only for children and young girls not quite grown up. Arabella Fermor married Mr. Perkins of Upton Court, near Reading, in 1714. She died 1738.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons are made to act in a poem. For the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*,[1] which both in its title and size is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes or demons of earth delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence. The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.[2]

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, Madam, Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

---

[1] Written by the Abbe Villars. He was assassinated by robbers before the work was finished.

[2] Miss Fermor had been very much pained by being thought to have afforded the portrait of Belinda in her own person. The following lines by Scott explain the doctrine of the Rosicrucians:—

> These be the adept's doctrines—every element
> Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
> The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
> Deep in the earthly cavern skulks the Gnome;
> The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
> And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
> To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.
>
> *Walter Scott.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryll, Muse! is due;
This, even Belinda, may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?[1]
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord!
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Twice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,[2]
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:—

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;

---

[1] Of the characters introduced into this poem, Belinda was Mrs. Arabella Fermor: the Baron was Lord Petre, of small stature, who soon after married a great heiress, Mrs. Warmsley, and died leaving a posthumous son. Thalestris was Mrs. Morley; Sir Plume was her brother, Sir George Brown of Berkshire. Copied from a MS. in a book presented by R. Lord Burlington to Mrs. William Sherwin.—*Warton.*

All the characters were Roman Catholics.

[2] The bell was a handbell. Bell-hanging in houses was not common till long after the date of this poem. Servants waited in anterooms, and were summoned by the handbell. Ladies summoned their maids to their bedrooms by knocking with their high-heeled shoes, or with their slipper.

Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green[1]
Or virgins visited by angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below,
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen; are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the Ring.[2]
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled.
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced;

---

[1] "The silver token"—the silver penny, which the tidy housemaid found in her shoe—"the circled green," the fairy rings on the grass, supposed to mark the spot where fairies had danced.

[2] The box at the theatre, the Ring in Hyde Park.

[3] "Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos."—*Virg.* Æn. VI.—*Pope.*

For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, "Your Grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air
In the clear mirror[1] of thy ruling star

[1] The language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of spirits, &c.—*Pope.*

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend.
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,[1]
These set the head, and those divide the hair,

[1] Ancient traditions of the Rabbis relate that several of the fallen angels became amorous of women, and particularize some; among the rest Asael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the women's toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genesis vi. 2.—*Pope.*

Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This nymph to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind.
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous baron[1] the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired;
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

[1] Lord Petre.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r adored,
But chiefly Love—to love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear,[1] and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,

[1] Virgil, Æn. XI. 798.—*Pope.*

And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or such the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain,
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of notions own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law.
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade,
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doomed that shock must fall
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops[1] to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,

[1] Earrings of brilliants.

Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
From a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a riveled flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,[1]
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Hear thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort;
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;

[1] The chocolate-mill.

One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen,
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;[1]
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At Ombre[2] singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Aerial perched upon a matadore,[3]
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
The expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And parti-coloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores,[4]
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio[5] first, unconquerable lord!

---

[1] From Congreve.—*Warton.*

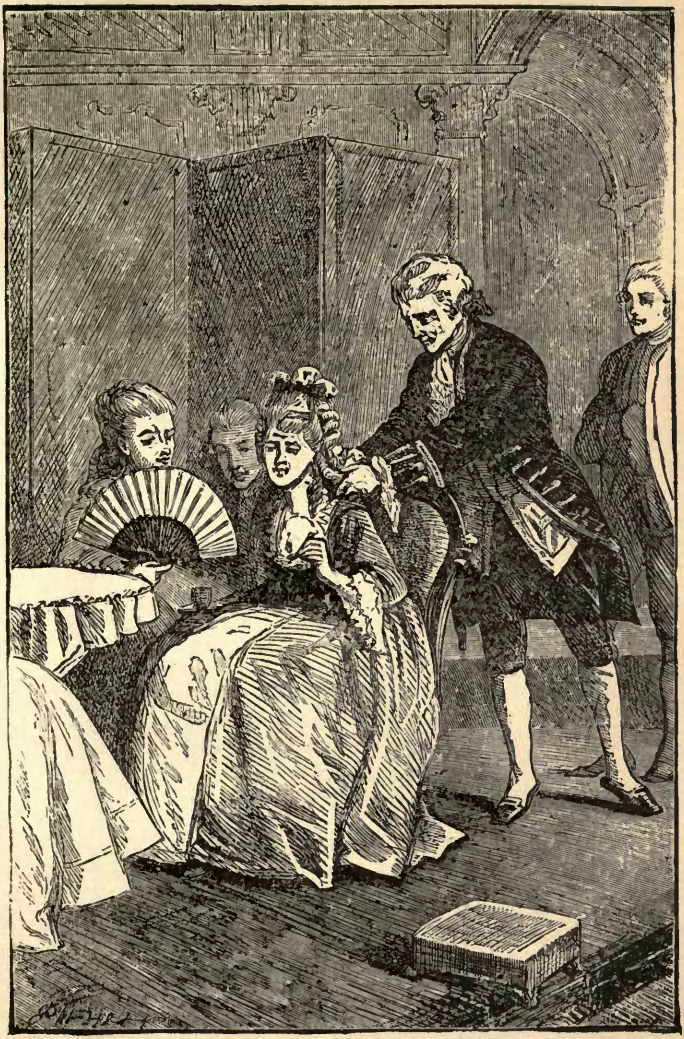
[2] A fashionable game of cards invented in Spain.

[3] The matadores, so named from the slayers in the bull-fight, were the three best cards at ombre.

[4] The whole idea of this description of a game at ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at chess, in his poem entitled "Scacchia Ludus."—*Warburton.*

[5] In this Spanish game, L'ombre, or the man who stands the game, fixes the trump.

Spadillo is the ace of spades, the Spanish name of which is Espa-



The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-coloured robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,[1]
And mowed down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

---

dilla. Manillio is the deuce of trumps when they are black; the seven when they are red. Basto is the Spanish name for the ace of clubs.

[1] Pam is the name for the knave of clubs in the game of *Loo*, as we now write it.

A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.[1]
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:[2]
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politicians wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair![3]

---

[1] If either of the two playing against "Ombre" made more tricks than he did, the winner took the pool, and the "Ombre" had to replace it for the next game.

[2] It was the fashion to grind as well as make the coffee in the room.

[3] Nisus, King of Megara, had on his head a certain purple lock of hair; and it was decreed by fate that he should never be conquered as long as that lock remained on his head. Minos, King of Crete, made war upon Megara, and Scylla, the king's daughter, beholding the enemy of her father from a high tower, fell in love with him. She resolved to give up the city to him: stole in the night to her father's sleeping room and cut off the fatal lock She bore it out of the city to Minos, and told him that Megara was now his own. But

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case;
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight,
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his pow'r expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again[1])
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror, rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breath their last;
Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cried) the glorious prize is mine
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,

---

the just king shrank from her in abhorrence; gave equitable terms to the conquered city, and sailed from the island. Scylla was turned into a bird, constantly pursued by a sea-eagle, into which her father had been metamorphosed.—Vide. *Ovid. Metam.* 8.

[1] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut asunder by the angel Michael.—*Pope.*

The parodies are the most exquisite parts of this poem.—*Warton.*

Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,[1]
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,[2]
When num'rous wax lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!"
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel[3]
The conquering force of unresisted steel!

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,[4]
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from [illegible] da flew,

---

[1] A famous book written abo t thi time by a woman; full of court and party scandal; and in a oos effemir y of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste o he better vulgar.—*Warburton.*

The writer was Mrs. de la Riviere Manley, supposed to have been the Sappho of the "Tatler," and daughter of Sir Roger Manley. She was a woman of very bad character.

[2] Visits were then sometimes received in ladies' bedrooms, when the bed was decorated with a handsome counterpane and a small lace-trimmed pillow.

[3] "Ille quoque aversus mons est, &c.
Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?"—*Catull, De Com Berenices.*—*Pope.*

[4] At regina gravi, &c.—*Virg. Æn.* iv. 1.—*Pope.*

Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs forever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is filled; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapped in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise:
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumbered throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks[1]

[1] See Hom. "Iliad," xviii. of Vulcan's walking tripods.—*Pope.*
This is the passage in Pope's translations:—
"That day no common task his labour claimed,
Full twenty tripods for his hall he framed,
That placed on living wheels of massy gold
(Wond'rous to tell), instinct with spirit rolled
From place to place, around the blest adoes
Self-moved, obedient to the beck of gods."

Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;[1]
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turned bottles, called aloud for corks.
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the pow'r: "Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues,
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.

[1] Alludes to a real fact, a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.—*Pope.*

Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"Oh wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strained your tender head,
And barely bore the double loads of lead?[1]
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,[2]
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil.
Zounds! d—— the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!

---

[1] Curl-papers fastened with lead.

[2] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the persons introduced into the poem who was offended by it. He was angry that the poet made him talk nothing but nonsense.—*From a note by Warburton.*

An engraving of Sir Plume, with seven other figures by Hogarth, was executed on the lid of a gold snuff-box and presented to one of the parties concerned. The original impression of a print of it was sold for thirty-three pounds.—*Warton.*

Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)
"Who speaks so well should never speak in vain,
But by this lock, his sacred look I swear,[1]
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contented honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box[2] fell,
The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,

---

[1] In allusion to Achille's oath in Homer. "Il." i.—*Pope.*

[2] It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that patches were part of a lady's ornaments at that time, and were political symbols; the female Tories wearing them on one side of the face, the Whigs the other.

Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, the sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan[1] could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,[2]
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?[3]
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserves what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewifes' cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey;

---

[1] Anna, the sister of Dido, besought Æneas not to abandon the queen.

[2] A parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.—*Pope.*

[3] The gentlemen sat in the side boxes at that time. The ladies occupied the front boxes.—See "Guardian," No. 29.

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;[1]
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;[2]
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms,
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:[3]
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,

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[1] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech. "So spoke, and all the heroes applauded."—*Pope.*

[2] Homer, "Il." xx.—*Pope.*

[3] Minerva, in like manner, during the battle of Ulysses with suitors in the Odyssey, perches on a beam of the roof to behold it.—*Pope.*

"Those eyes are made so killing"[1]—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, as he sings he dies.[2]
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,[3]
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.
The gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titilating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same his ancient personage to deck,[4]
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).
"Boast not my fall" (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

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[1] The words of a song in the opera of "Camilla."—*Pope.*
[2] "Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectis in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor."—*Ov. Ep.*—*Pope.*
[3] Vid. Hom. "Il." viii. and Virg. "Æn." xii.—*Pope.*
[4] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer. "Il." ii.—*Pope.*

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees; with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.[1]
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tones of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.[2]
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.[3]
This Partridge[4] soon shall view in cloudless skies,

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[1] A celebrated fiction of Ariosto's.

"Ciò che in somma quà giù perdeste mai
Là, su saltendo ritrovar potrai."

See Ariosto. Canto xxxiv.—*Pope.*

[2] "Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crimen,
Stella micat."—*Ovid.*—*Pope.*

[3] In St. James' Park; filled in during the last century.

[4] John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacs every year never failed to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English.—*Pope.* In ridicule of these prophecies Swift published mock predictions, declaring that Partridge would die on a certain day in the following March, and when the day came, his death (in accordance with the prophecy) was an-

When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Pope's "Messiah" was first Published in the "Spectator" for May 14, 1712, No. 378.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil.[1] This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but made

nounced. The poor almanack maker loudly protested that he was still alive; but his assertion was met by the wits with a solemn assurance that he must be mistaken, that he was dead, or at least *ought to be.* The joke is immortalised in the "Tatler," and must have been intensely ludicrous at the time.

[1] In the fourth Eclogue of Virgil he foretold the coming of a wondrous child who was to restore the fabled golden age. He professed to take the prediction from the Sibylline books which the Sibyl sold to Tarquin, and which were used as state oracles by the Romans; but it is believed they had been much altered before Virgil's time. See Prideaux's "Connection," and also Trench's "Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom."

use of such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting anything of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.—*Pope.*

Ye nymphs of Solyma![1] begin the song:
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and Aonian maids,[2]
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire![3]
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son![4]
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,[5]
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,[6]
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick[7] and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;

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[1] Solyma—Jerusalem.

[2] The Muses.

[3] Isaiah vi. 6, 7.

[4] Virg. Ecl. 4, vi.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formadine terras.
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of Thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the world in peace with the virtues of his father."

Dante says that Statius was made a Christian by reading this passage in Virgil. See L. Gyraldus.—*Warton.*

It is certainly one of the "unconscious prophecies of Heathendom." Imitations from Isaiah, chap. vii. 14: chap. ix. 6, 7.—*Pope.*

[5] Isaiah xi. 1.—And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jess, and a branch shall grow out of his roots.—*Pope.*

[6] Isaiah xlv. 8.—*Pope.*

[7] Isaiah xxv. 6.—*Pope.*

Returning Justice[1] lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,[2]
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon[3] his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way![4] a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear Him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold![5]
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,[6]
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,

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[1] Astrea, the Virgin goddess of Justice, was fabled to have fled from the earth at the close of the Golden Age.—Isaiah ix. 7.

[2] Virg. Ecl. iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer! nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, O child, shall the earth without being tilled produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee."

[3] Isaiah xxxv. 2. and Isaiah lx. 13.—*Pope.*

[4] Ecl. iv. 46.

Aggredere, ô magnos, adherit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.

Ecl. v. 62.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sideram jactant
Intonsi montes: ipsæ jam carmina rupe
Ipsa sonant arbusta: Deus, Deus ille Menalca.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours, the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God." See Isaiah xl. 3, 4, chap. xliv. 23.—*Pope.*

[5] Isaiah xlii. 8.—*Pope.*

[6] Isaiah xxxv. 5.—*Pope.*

And leap exulting like the bounding roe.[1]
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,[2]
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs He raises in His arms,
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms;[3]
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage,
The promised Father of the future age.[4]
No more shall nation against nation rise,[5]
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son[6]
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise[7]
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;[8]
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:[9]

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[1] Isaiah xxxv. 6.—*Pope.*
[2] Isaiah xxv. 8.—*Pope.*
[3] Isaiah xl. 11.—*Pope.*
[4] Isaiah ix. 6.—*Pope.* In Isaiah it is "the Everlasting Father" which the Seventy render "The Father of the world to come," agreeably to the style of the New Testament, in which the kingdom of the Messiah is called the age of the world to come. Mr. Pope, therefore, has with great judgment adopted the sense of the LXX.—*Warton.*
[5] Isaiah ii. 4.—*Pope.*
[6] Isaiah lxv. 21, 22.
[7] Isaiah xxxv. 1.—*Pope.*
[8] Virg. Ecl. iv. 28.

Molli paulatim, flavescet campus aristâ,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oak shall distil honey like dew." Isaiah xxxv. 7. and lv. 13.—*Pope.*
[9] Isaiah xli. 19, and lvi. 13.—*Pope.*

To leafless shrubs, the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,[1]
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,[2]
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes![3]
See a long race[4] thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,[5]
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabæan springs![6]
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,[7]
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze

---

[1] Virg. Ecl. iv. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones.—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.

"The goats shall bear to the field their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die." Isaiah xi. 6, 7, 8.—*Pope.*

[2] Isaiah lxv. 25.—*Pope.*

[3] The thoughts of Isaiah which compose the latter part of the poem are wonderfully exalted, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his Pollio—

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
—toto surget gens, aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.—*Pope.*

[4] Isaiah lx. 4—*Pope.*
[5] Isaiah lx. 3.—*Pope.*
[6] Isaiah lx. 6.—*Pope.*
[7] Isaiah lx. 19, 20.—*Pope.*

O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,[1]
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts; thy own MESSIAH reigns!

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.[2]

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN 1712, BUT PUBLISHED 1717.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword!
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

---

[1] Isaiah li. 6 and liv. 10.—*Pope.*

[2] See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a lady designing to retire into a monastery compared with Mr. Pope's letters to several ladies. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.—*Pope.*

Nothing at all certain is known as to the "Lady" of the Elegy; so conflicting are the statements, that she may be a fictitious heroine only.

Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
"Lo these were they, whose souls the furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone (oh ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rights unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed.
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:

There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow:
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The grounds now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays:
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou be loved no more!

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,[1]
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:

[1] Louis XIV. wished to have pardoned the Cardinal de Rohan after hearing the "Cinna" of Corneille.—*Warton.*

He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confessed in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
And her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceased, tears gushed from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor passed unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Briton's attend: be worth like this approved,
And show, you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warmed with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.[2]

---

[1] The noble passage of Seneca, which Addison adopted as a motto, is here finely alluded to by Pope.

[2] This alludes to that famous story of his coming into the theatre, and going out again, related by Martial.—*Warburton.*

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.[1]

Prodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peeped in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,
"The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a w———"
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natured things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

---

[1] Mrs. Oldfield was a very celebrated actress, and was admitted to the best society of the period. George II. and Queen Caroline sometimes condescended to converse with her at their levées. Caroline (when Princess of Wales) asked her one day if she was married to General Churchill. She replied, "So it is said may it please your Highness, but we have not owned it yet." She was very generous, and allowed Savage, the poet, £50 a year.

This epilogue was not spoken.

In days of old, they pardoned breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse ;
Plu-Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly loved his wife :
Yet if a friend, a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
But pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city :
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or looked in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face ;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good ;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds and stare the s—— down.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE, LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.
Virg. Ecl. vi. 10—12.

1713.

There is a local tradition that Pope composed this poem, sitting under a beech tree in the forest. The original tree having decayed, Lady Gower had a memorial carved upon the back of another immediately adjoining: "Here Pope sang." The marks were visible in 1806, but were fast wearing out.

This poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.[1]
Granville[2] commands; your aid, O muses, bring!
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;

---

[1] Originally thus:
Chaste goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me through circling bow'rs and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your springs.—*Pope.*

[2] George Granville, Lord Lansdown, though praised as a poet by Dryden, Addison, Bolingbroke, and Pope, was but a feeble imitator of Waller. His "Progress of beauty," and his "Essay on Unnatural Flights in Poetry," were considered his best pieces. He was Secretary of War, 1710, Controller and Treasurer to the Household, and a member of Queen Anne's Privy Council. He was created a peer 1711. On the accession of George I. he was seized as a suspected person and confined in the tower. Lord Lansdown was a man worthy of being a poet's friend, as he was a lover and patron of literature, a patriot, and in all respects a noble gentleman.

Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes.[1]
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all these gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamelled ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the land appeared in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey.[2]
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claimed the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they stormed the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves):

---

[1] Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns and air,
Whose vital draughts prevent the leeches care,
While through fresh fields th' enlivening odours breathe,
Or spread with vernal pomps the purple heath?—*Pope.*

[2] "Savage laws," the forest laws made by the Norman kings. The killing of a deer, boar, or hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes.—*Warton.*

What could be free, when lawless beasts obeyed,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant swayed?
In vain kind seasons swelled the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distilled, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famished dies amidst his ripened fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain[1]
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doomed alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravished[2] from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:[3]
The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined;
O'er heaps of ruin stalked the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred choirs.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretched o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spared and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave![4]
Stretched on the lawn his second hopes survey,[5]
At once the chaser, and at once the prey;

---

[1] No wonder savages or subjects slain—
But subjects starved while savages were fed.
It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.—*Pope.*

[2] Alluding to the destruction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there by William I.—*Pope.*

[3] Translation from
Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis.
An old monkish writer, I forget who.—*Pope.*

[4] Just as the body of William the Conqueror was going to be lowered into the grave, a voice cried aloud, "I forbid his interment. When William was only Duke of Normandy he seized this piece of land from my father, without making a recompense, which I now demand." Prince Henry, who was present, spoke to the man, who was now only an armourer, and agreed to give him a hundred crowns for his father's burial place.

[5] His second hope was Richard, his second son, gored by a stag in the New Forest.

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.[1]
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
The forests wondered at th' unusual grain,
And secret transport touched the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.[2]
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,[3]
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrowed grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couched close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till hov'ring o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th' amazed, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,

---

[1] Rufus was accidently slain in the New Forest, which his father had so wickedly formed, by his favourite Sir Walter Tyrrel. The spot where he fell is now marked by a stone.

[2] Originally:

O may no more a foreign master's rage
With wrongs, yet legal, curse a future age.
Still spread, fair Liberty, thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the field and fragrance on the springs.—*Pope.*

[3] Originally:

When yellow autumn summer's near succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and evening pleasure yields.—*Pope.*

The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,[1]
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo).
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whitened all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;[2]
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye.
The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled,
The yellow carp in scales bedropped with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car;[3]
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain.
Hills, vales, and floods appear already crossed,
And ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

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[1] Originally thus:
When hoary winter clothes the years in white,
The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite.—*Pope.*

[2] The fowler lifts his levelled tube on high.—*Pope.*

[3] Originally thus:
But when bright Phœbus from the Twins invites
Our active genius to more free delights,
With springing day we range the lawns around.—*Pope.*

See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train;[1]
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;[2]
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.
Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana strayed,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade:
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here armed with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskined virgins traced the dewy lawn.
Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last).
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone,
She scorned the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits strayed,
Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight, her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves,
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reached her as she run,
His shadow lengthened by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,

[1] Diana.
[2] Queen Anne, who was fond of hunting.

Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she prayed, nor prayed in vain;
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banished from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there."
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft, silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and forever weeps;
Still bears the name[1] the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before,
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass[2] the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The wat'ry landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below,
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man[3] whom this bright court approves,

[1] The river Loddon.—*Pope.*
[2] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.—*Pope.*
[3] Originally:
Happy the man who to these shades retires,
But doubly happy if the Muse inspires!

His sovereign favours, and his country loves :[1]
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the muse inspires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs :
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learnèd store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end.
Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbull, thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequestered scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens :
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.[2]
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow).
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;[3]

Blest whom the sweets of homefelt quiet please :
But far more blest, who study joins with ease.—*Pope.*

[1] Lord Lansdowne.

[2] Cooper's Hill is near Egham and Runnymede. Sir John Denham wrote a poem on it.

[3] Sir John Denham was praised as a poet by Dryden also. He wrote "Cooper's Hill." He was born in Dublin, where his father was Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He was brought very young to England, and was educated at Oxford. He died 1668.

There the last numbers flowed from Cowley's tongue.[1]
Oh early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his bank was led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopped their heav'nly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star![2]
Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,[3]
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,[4]
Then filled the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.[5]
Oh wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore,

---

[1] Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminster.—*Pope.*

[2] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the next year, 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these—

My humble muse in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;
Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sang the sylvan strains.—*Pope.*

The "silver star" is an allusion to the Star of the Garter.

[3] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English language; famous in the time of Henry VIII. for his sonnets, the scene of many of which is laid at Windsor.—*Pope.*

Surrey was beheaded by the tyrant Henry's command, 1547.

[4] "Fair Geraldine," the beloved of Surrey, was a daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare.

[5] "Mira" was the Countess of Newburgh, the lady of whom Granville sang.

Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallowed earth contains!
With Edward's acts[1] adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chained,[2] and Crecy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,[3]
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquished France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,[4]
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-feared Edward sleeps;[5]
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium[6] to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known[7]
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone),
Oh fact accursed! what tears has Albion shed,
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,[8]
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—"Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obeyed, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old Father Thames advanced his rev'rend head.
His tresses dropped with dews, and o'er the stream[9]

---

[1] Edward III.

[2] David Bruce, King of Scotland, and John, King of France.

[3] Verrio, a celebrated Neapolitan artist and decorator of ceilings, staircases, &c.

[4] Henry VI.

[5] Edward IV.

[6] Old Belerium is that part of Cornwall called the Land's End. It was so named from Belerus, a Cornish giant.

[7] Charles I. was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the vault of Henry VIII.

[8] The great plague and fire of London.

[9] Between verse 330 and 331 originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appeared,
With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars and glories not her own.

His shining horns diffused a golden gleam:
Graved on his urn appeared the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figured streams in waves of silver rolled,
And on their banks Augusta[1] rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood;
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned;
Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
End chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis[2] appears;
The Gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole,[3] that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stained with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind),
The god appeared: he turned his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bowed and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hushed waves glide softly to the shore.

"Hail sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heav'n itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,[4]
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine;
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood

He saw, and gently rose above the stream,
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam;
With pearl and gold his tow'ring front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.—*Pope.*

[1] London—a Roman name for it.

[2] The Wandle.

[3] The Mole sometimes entirely disappears between Burford Bridge and Thorncroft Bridge.

[4] Homer calls the Nile (whose source was so long unknown) a river that falls from Jupiter or heaven.

Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:[1]
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise,[2] the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

"Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross[3] display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole:
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames[4] shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide.
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feathered people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire.

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[1] He alludes to General Stanhope's campaign on the Ebro, and the Duke of Wellington's on the Danube.
[2] The fifty new churches —*Pope.*
[3] St. George's Cross.
[4] A wish that London may be made a free port.—*Pope.*

O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roofed with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bathed in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain."

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallowed lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

ELOÏSA TO ABELARD.

1717.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gives so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,[1]
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

[1] She is supposed to have seen a letter from Abelard to a friend.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart:
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear,
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quenched th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou knowest how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When loves approached me under friendship's name:
My fancy formed thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; heav'n listened while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those, what precept failed to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:

Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wished an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when pressed to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?'
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppressed,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kissed the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:

Heav'n scarce believed the conquest it surveyed,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamoured let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to that heart be pressed;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallowed walls;[1] the desert smiled,
And paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying miser's giv'n,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heav'n;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!

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[1] He founded the monastery.—*Pope.*

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain:
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain.
Confessed within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought:
I mourn the lover not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turned to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget:
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love the offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touched, so pierced, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fired;
Not touched, but wrapt; not wakened, but inspired!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resigned;
Labour and rest, the equal periods keep:
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"[1]
Desires composed, affections ever even:
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæls sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy;
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatched away.
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night;
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!

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[1] Taken from Crashaw.—*Pope.*

Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fixed repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows,
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promised heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what has thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead,
Nature stands checked; religion disproves;
Even thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfriutful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;

Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my friutless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
Oh grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay danghter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come! (it said, or seemed to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep.
Even superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailities here."
I come, I come, prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay;
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See, my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments mayest thou stand,
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And even my Abelard be loved no more.
O death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,[1]
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
"Oh, may we never love as these have loved!"
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.
And sure, if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

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[1] Abelard and Eloïsa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monastery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, she in 1163.—*Pope.*

THE DUNCIAD.

1727.

The "Dunciad" was published first in Dublin with a humorous frontispiece representing an ass laden with books. This was succeeded by another edition, also printed in Dublin, with an owl, &c. Its being published in Dublin was probably a contrivance between Swift and Pope.

Pompous notes under the assumed characters of various authors were added. Most of these were written by Arbuthnot. Pope writes thus to Swift on the subject:—

"The 'Dunciad' is going to be printed with all pomp with the inscription which makes me proudest (to Swift). It will be attended with Prœme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum and Notes Variorum. As to the latter, I desire you will read over the text and *make a few* in any way you like best; whether dry raillery upon the style and way of commentary of trivial critics: or humorous upon the authors of the poem; or historical of persons, places, times, or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients."

These curious notes were thought by many people at the time to have been written in earnest. Some few of them have been omitted in this edition. A P. will be put to all those retained. In the Appendix will be found "A Letter to the Publisher," and "Martinus Scriblerus—his Prolegomena and Illustrations to the 'Dunciad,' Testimonies of Authors, Hypercritics of Aristarchus," &c., &c.

PREFACE

PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD.

THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the

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[1] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to "Durgen," "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:—

There was published in those miscellanies a treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half

highest distinction and character, either in the state or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works, which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand[1] in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; (not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world and foreigners, who have translated him into their languages), of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following poem,[2] who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

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a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the "Dunciad;" and he thought it a happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design. P.

[1] It is suprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9);—"Though I grant the 'Dunciad' a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of notes and remaks upon it, &c., it is amazing that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own). P.

[2] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself. P.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him; for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable that it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full six years[1] of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius,[2] which was cited at the head of his manuscript:—

> Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> Duncia!

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

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[1] Of course an ironical statement.—*Pope.*

[2] It was actually believed at the time that this verse was by Statius. —*Pope.*

Yet we judge it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir. R. B., &c., but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the authority in us vested by the act for subjecting poets to the power of a licenser, we have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of king to have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, of the name of Tibbald; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: We have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the laureate himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same. OC. Ch.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of the great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of "Thulé." She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

BOOK I.

The mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield muses[1] to the ear of kings,
I sing. Say you, her instruments the great!
Called to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate:[2]
You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And poured her spirit o'er the land and deep
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dulness o'er all possessed her ancient right,
Daughter of chaos and eternal night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Labourious, heavy, busy, bold and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire, to restore[3] she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.
O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver![4]
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,[5]
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœtia though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.[6]

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[1] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book III.—*Warburton.* P.

[2] I.e., by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations. P.

[3] This restoration makes the completion of the poem. *Vide* Book IV. P.

[4] The several names and characters Swift assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party writings; which take in all his works.

[5] "Ironicé," alluding to Gulliver's representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was graciously pleased to recall.—*Pope.*

[6] The ancient Golden Age is by poets styled Saturnian, as being under the reign of Saturn; but in the chemical language Saturn is lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.—*Pope.*

Close to those walls[1] where folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates by his famed father's hand,[2]
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, concealed from vulgar eye,
The cave of poverty and poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus[3] long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:[4]
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,[5]
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines;
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes,[6] and all the Grub Street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian virtues round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling's sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic justice, with her lifted scale.
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob,[7] or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:

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[1] Bedlam, whose patients were under Dr. Morroe.

[2] Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laurete. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist. P.

[3] A sea god who had the power of taking many shapes.

[4] Two booksellers, of whom see Book II The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.—*Warburton.* P.

[5] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time or before.—*Warburton.* P.

[6] Made by the poet laureate for the time being, to be sung at court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments.—*Warburton.* P.

[7] Jacob Tonson the bookseller. He made a great fortune, and built Down Place, in Berkshire, on the banks of the Thames, near Windsor. A bookseller who did honour to his profession, says Warton.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half-formed in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,[1]
And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill paired, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance;
How tragedy and comedy embrace;
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself[2] stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green;
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these and more the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinselled o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when ——— rich and grave,[3]
Like Cimon,[4] triumphed both on land and wave:

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[1] Puns. "It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, 'he that would pun, would pick a pocket.' Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind; 'Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many bulls as his namesake Pope Alexander.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, —viz., A. P——E, and they give you the idea of an ape.—Pope comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart: or from *poppysma*, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popisms*.'—Dennis on 'Hom. and Daily Journal,' June 11, 1728."—*Pope.*

[2] This alludes to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon time and place, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c., if yet extant.—*Warburton.* P.

[3] Ver. 85 in the former editions,—

"'Twas on the day when Thorold rich and grave."

Sir G. Thorold, Lord Mayor in 1720.

[4] Lord Mayor's day. His name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which nowise agree with the chronology of the poem. The proces-

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.[1]
Now mayors and shrieves all hushed and satiate lay,
Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's[2] days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impressed, and glaring in his son,
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel[3] shine,
And Eusden eke out[4] Blackmore's[5] endless line;
She saw slow Philips[6] creep like Tate's[7] poor page,
And all the mighty mad[8] in Dennis rage.

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sion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians. P.

[1] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry.—*Scriblerus.* P.—Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.—*Warburton.* P.

[2] John Heywood, whose "Interludes" were printed in the time of Henry VIII.—*Warburton.*

[3] Daniel de Foe, to whom we owe Robinson Crusoe, did not deserve a place in the Dunciad; but his political works were very inferior to his great fiction, and like Pyrnne, he was sentenced to the pillory.

[4] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate before Cibber. His name as a poet is forgotten. The Duke of Buckingham thus wrote of him:

"In rushed Eusden and cried who shall have it?
But I, the true Laureate to whom the king gave it.
Apollo begged pardon and granted his claim.
But vowed until then he ne'er heard of his name."

[5] See note to next book.

[6] Ambrose Philips. He was a translator, and wrote the "Distressed Mother," a play copied from Racine.

[7] Nahum Tate was poet laureat, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of "Absalom and Achitophel" are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. P.

[8] Dennis was the most furious of critics, and had especially provoked the enmity of Pope. He, John Dennis, was the son of a saddler in London, born 1657.

In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief in Bays's[1] monster-breeding breast:
Bays, formed by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dulness, with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
Blanked his bold visage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and d—d his fate;
Then gnawed his pen, then dashed it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Yet wrote and floundered on in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipped through cracks and zig-zags of the head;
All that on folly frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next, o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipped, how there he plundered snug,
And sucked all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half eat scenes,[2] and here
The frippery of crucified Molière;[3]
There hapless Shakespeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wished he had blotted[4] for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;

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[1] In a former edition the name "Tibbald" was in the place of Bays. Tibbald or Theobald was one of the many editors of Shakespeare. Pope, who was employed on an edition of Shakespeare at the time, thought that Tibbald had behaved badly in secretly preparing a rival edition. By "Bays," Colley Cibber is meant, who was poet laureate at the time. The first perfectly pure and proper comedy acted after the Restoration was Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift." His comedies were light, airy, and pleasant, but his "Royal Odes" very inferior poems. He was born 1671, died 1757.

[2] John Fletcher, a well-known dramatic poet, born 1576, died 1625.

[3] Molière, the great French comic dramatist, born 1622, died 1673. He has been called the French Aristophanes.

[4] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions —*Warburton*. P.

Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dressed in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles[1] is saved by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;[2]
There, stamped with arms, Newcastle shines complete:[3]
Here, all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.[4]
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,[5]
One clapsed in wood, and one in strong cow-hide.
There saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear;
De Lyra[6] there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon[7] bends.

[1] The pictures illustarting Quarles's "Emblems." "A book," says Bowles, "not so much known and valued as it ought to be." Francis Quarles was born 1592, died 1644. Pope is supposed to have been considerably indebted to his works.

[2] John Ogilby, born 1600, died 1676. He translated Virgil and Homer, both illustrated, also a magnificent bible, with prints, for which he was remunerated by the House of Lords.

[3] Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Her works in folio were elegantly bound, and stamped with the ducal arms. She wrote poems and plays. Some passages from her works are not without merit, especially her descriptions of Mirth and Melancholy. See Leigh Hunt's "Men, Women and Books."

[4] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the "Earl of Essex," which is yet alive: "Anna Boleyn," the "Queen of Scots," and "Cyrus the Great," are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in "Perolla and Isadora," "Cæsar in Egypt," and the "Heroic Daughter." 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.—*Warburton.* P.

[5] William Caxton, the first English printer, born 1410, died 1491. We owe to him the introduction of this great art into England. Wynkyn de Worde was his successor, and printed during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.

[6] De Lyra was born in Normandy, of Jewish parents; but was converted to Christianity and became a Cordelier. He was a voluminous commentator and died 1340.—*Warton.*

[7] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library."—*Winstanly.* P.

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes; these an altar raise;
An hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base;
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted birthday ode completes the sprire.
Then he: "Great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E're since Sir Fopling's periwig[1] was praise,
To the last honours of the Butt[2] and Bays;
O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like byas to the bowl,[3]
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplexed mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me emptiness, and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive the offence)
And once betrayed me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.

[1] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero was a fair, flaxen, full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of "The Fool in Fashion." It attracted in a particular manner the friendship of Colonel Brett, who wanted to purchase it. * * * * This remarkable periwig, usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience. P.

[2] A butt of sack was part of the annual recompense of the Laureate. It is now commuted for its pecuniary value.

[3] Byas is a weight (a small piece of lead) inside a bowl to prevent its swerving at first.

Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never failed to move.
Yet sure had heav'n decreed to save the state,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher[1] cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?[2]
Or tred the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chaired at White's amidst th- doctors sit,[3]
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.[4])
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?[5]
Hold—to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very gazetteers[6] give o'er,
Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.

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[1] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in his library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron; je le connois bien: c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.—*Warburton.* P.

[2] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England. P.—Cibber was sent to Winchester School at an early age with a view to a fellowship at New College.—*Bowles*

[3] This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant prase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"—*Pope.*

[4] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the "Flying Post;" Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory paper—*Mist's Weekly Journal.*

[5] An allusion to the well-known story of the Roman geese, whose cackling saved the capital.

[6] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book ii, ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.—*Warburton.* P.

This brazen brightness, to the squire so dear;
This polished hardness, that reflects the peer:
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, tossed up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
"O born in sin, and forth in folly brought![1]
Works damned, or to be damned! (your father's fault)
Go, purified by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny![2]
Unstained, untouched, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass,[3] and vagrant through the land;
Not sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,[4]
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulpher-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Not wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:[5]
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroyed are swept to things unborn."
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)

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[1] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.—*Pope.*

[2] Notwithstanding all our author's attempts to reduce to contempt "Cibber's Apology for his Life," they will never be able to convince people that it is not a work abounding in curious anecdotes, and characters very accurately drawn throughout, though in a style singularly affected. Swift was so highly pleased with "Cibber's Life," that he sat up all night to read it.—*Warton.*

[3] It was a practice so to give the "Daily Gazeteer" and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom. Bland was the Provost of Eton.—*Warton.*

[4] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the 'London Spy,' in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party."—*Jacob*, "Lives of Poets," vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called "Apollo's Maggot," declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.—*Warburton.* P.

[5] Tate and Shadwell, two of his predecessors in the Laurel.

Stole from the master of the seven-fold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns;
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;[1]
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror[2] claims,
Molière's old stubble[3] in a moment flames.
Tears gushed again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Roused by the light, old Dulness heaved the head,
Then snatched a sheet of Thule[3] from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:[4]
Well pleased he entered, and confessed his home.
So spirits ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognize their native place.
This the great mother[5] dearer held than all

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[1] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment.—*Pope.*

[2] The "Nonjuror" was the most successful of Cibber's plays. George II. after seeing it, gave him £200 and the Laureateship. (*Edit.*) —A comedy threshed out of Molière's "Tartuffe," and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government.—*Pope.*

[3] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.—*Pope.*

[4] Where he no sooner enters, but he recognizes the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.—*Pope.*

[5] *Magna mater*, here applied to dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc?* what news?—*Pope.*

The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nuresd her owls,
And here she planned th' imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swelled to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind;
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are frittered quite away.
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons scape.[1]
Less human genius that God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A vast, vamped, future, old, revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald,[2] or Ozell.[3]
The Goddess then, o'er his annointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre[4] and owl)
Perched on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son: the promised land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers,[5] Ward,[6] and Gildon[7] rest,

[1] Being able to read their "neck verse" before the gallows.

[2] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the "Censor," and a translation of "Ovid"; and, as we have said, edited "Shakespeare."

[3] Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood: but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays.—Jacob. "Lives of Dram. Poets," p. 198.—*Pope.*

[4] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum.* P. [Heidegger, a native of Switzerland, came to England, in 1708, and by his address became the leader of fashion and manager of the opera-house, by which he made £5000 a-year.]

[5] George Withers, the Puritan poet.

[6] Ward wrote the "London Spy," and turned "Don Quixote" into Hudibrastic verses.

[7] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred

And high-born Howard,[1] more majestic sire,
With "Fool of Quality" completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols; be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-armed with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billinsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub Street skulk behind the king.[2]
"O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine."
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal[3] throat:
"God save King Cibber!" mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, "God save King Colley!" cries;
"God save King Colley!" Drury Lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham [4] dropt the name of God;

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at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the "Oracles of Reason," &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. Pope very scandously in an anonymous pamphlet of the "Life of Mr. Wycherly," printed by Curl; in another called the "New Rehearsal," printed in 1714; in a third, entitled, "The Complete Art of English Poetry," in two volumes; and others.—*Pope.*

[1] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the "British Princes," and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.—*Pope.*

[2] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter (Archer) had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidently being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. P.

[3] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel royal being also employed in the performance of the birthday and new-year odes.—*Warburton.*

[4] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time and make her peace with God. But her fate was

Back to the Devil[1] the last echoes roll,
And "Coll!" each butcher roars at Hockley Hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby[2])
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croaked, "God save King Log!"

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games, and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read without sleeping. The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub,[3] or Fleckno's Irish throne,[4]

---

not so happy; for being convicted and set in the pillory she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days. P.

[1] The Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, where those odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court, upon which a wit of the Court made this epigram.

"When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they good are or evil?
You may judge. From the Devil they go to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil." P.

[2] See Ogilby's "Æsop' Fables," where, in the story of the frogs and their king, this excellent hemistic is to be found.--*Pope.*

[3] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, Book III. P.

[4] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,[1]
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix in his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze:
His peers shine round him with reflected grace:
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam in shallow urns
Heav'ns twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crowned,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,[2]
Throned on seven hills, the antichrist of wit.

And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:

---

expressed it (the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance though of a character more different from it than that of the "Æneid" from the "Iliad," or the "Lutrin" of Boileau from the "Défait de Bouts rimées" of Sarazin. P.

[1] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion——I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." And of the history of his being tost in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket; it was not a blanket, but a rug." Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book I., were not Brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.—*Scriblerus.*

[2] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honor of the Laurel, a jest which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number.—*Paulus Jovius.* Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada in his Prolusions.—*Warburton.*

All who true dunces in her cause appeared,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'er-looked the Strand.
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.
With authors, stationers obeyed the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She formed this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she windowed well its head:
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dashed out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and called the phantom More.[1]
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot[2] in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl,[3] "Behold that rival here!

---

[1] Curl, in his "Key to the Dunciad," affirmed this to be James Moore Smythe. He wrote "The Rival Modes," an unsuccessful play.

[2] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers: persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Bernard Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed "The Rival Modes" before mentioned.—*Warburton. Pope.*

[3] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man that he carried the

The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
So take the hindmost, hell," (he said), and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot and outstripped the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legged Jacob[1] seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna[2] chanced that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.)
Here fortuned Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And "Bernard! Bernard!" rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewrayed,
Fallen in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The catiff vaticide conceived a prayer.
"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any god's, or more:
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms."[3]
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,[4]
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,

---

trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.—*Pope.* An ironical allusion to his standing in the pillory. Pope had a quarrel with Curl. See Life.

[1] Jacob, Tonson, described by Dryden with "two left legs."

[2] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.—*Warburton. Pope.*

[3] The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, the Pope's emblem, Lintot's.

[4] See Lucian's "Icaro-Menipus," where this fiction is more extended.

On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Signed with that Ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she picked her vot'ry's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fished her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favoured him, and favours yet.
Renewed by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oiled with magic juices[1] for the course,
Vigorous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretched his eager hand,
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seemed to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light fly diverse, tossed in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.[2]
Th' embroidered suit at least he deemed his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor[3] snatched away.

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[1] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.—*Warburton.*

[2] Some of those persons whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned. See note on ver. 50. Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford, author of the "Apparition," which was a satire on Tyndal.—*Warton.*

[3] This line has been loudly complained of in "Mist," June 8, dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets; but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be satire on anybody, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so fluttered, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter. Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grub Street choir,
She decked like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;[1]
Mears, Warner, Wilkins[2] run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone:
He grasps an empty Joseph[3] for a John;
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the goddess: "Son? thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each battered jade;
(When hapless Monseiur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior,[4] and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."[5]
With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

"if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—*Pope.*

[1] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. Pope.—Captain Breval was author of the 'Confederates,' an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curl.—*Warburton.*

[2] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.

[3] Curl printed poems under the name of J. Gay (Joseph Gay) to pass them off for Gay, the Poet's. These kinds of cheats were common with him.

[4] The man here specified writ a thing called "The Battle of Poets," in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and daily journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.—*Warburton.*

[5] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be the author of the "Careless Husband"). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even dulness out of her own

A shaggy tap'stry,[1] worthy to be spread
On Codrus old, or Dunton's modern bed;[2]
Instructive work! whose wry-mouthed portraiture
Displayed the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin[3] flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper,[4] cudgelled might ye view;
The very worsted still look black and blue.
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,[5]
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies;
And "Oh!" (he cried) "what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run forever green!"
See in the circle next, Eliza[6] placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confessed,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall[7] dressed.
The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;

---

mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. Garth's "Dispensary" attacks the whole body of the apothecaries.—*Warburton.*

[1] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff, like that which is spoken of by Donne—faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

[2] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously, Sat. iii. 203, &c.

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler; he wrote "Neck or Nothing," a violent satire on some ministers of state; a libel on the Duke of Dovonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.—*Warburton.*

[3] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the "Observator:" he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.—*Warburton.*

[4] Authors of the "Flying Post" and "Post-boy," two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.—*Warburton.*

[5] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well-known. See Swift and Pope's "Miscellanies."

[6] Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of some scandalous books.—*Miscellanies.*

[7] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them.—*Warburton.*

His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne[1] and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife).
One on his manly confidence relies;
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne leaned against his lettered post;
It rose, and laboured to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round,
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drowned)
A second effort brought but new disgrace:
The wild Mæander washed the artist's face;
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourished o'er his head.
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heavens he pours the exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumphest, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame, soft smiling, leadest away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crowned with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
"Room for my lord!" three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,

[1] A bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's "Iliad," at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value. —*Warburton.*

This was Osborne whom Dr. Jonnson knocked down with a book. See *Boswell.*

And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli[1] the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentely[2] his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puffed orator busrts out in tropes.
But Welsted[3] most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,[4]
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learned the art
To touch Achille's only tender part;[5]
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off his grace's secretary.
"Now turn to diff'rent sports," (the goddess cries)
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul

[1] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.—*Warburton.* He translated "Paradise Lost" with spirit and elegance, and published Marchelli's full translation of "Lucretius."—*Warton.*

[2] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thos. Bently, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley.—*Warburton.*

[3] Leonard Welsted, author of the "Triumvirate," or a letter in verse from Palæmon to Cælia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. Pope and some of his friends about the year 1718. He wrote other things which we cannot remember.—*Warburton.*

[4] The satire of this episode, being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: that although their pens and praises were as exquisite as their conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puffed nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward and of them much higher rewarded.—*Scribl.*

[5] His heel, by which his mother had held him when she dipped him in the Styx.

With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.[1]
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell;
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe:
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton,[2] brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick. [win:
"Hold!" (cried the queen), "a cat-call each shall
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."

As, when the long-eared milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake:
Some sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each wind-pipe: ass intones to ass;
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sound, attempered to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine; [thine.
There, Webster! pealed thy voice, and Whitfield![3]
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's[4] strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.

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[1] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my *thunder*."—*Warburton. Pope.*

[2] Norton de Foe, one of the authors of the "Flying Post." F. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.

[3] The one the writer of a newspaper called the "Weekly Miscellany," the other a field preacher.—*Pope.*

[4] Sir R. Blackmore.

In Tott'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
'Long Chancery Lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,[1]
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.[2]
This labour passed, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)[3]
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity[4] of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the weekly journals[5] bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."

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[1] Westminster Hall, built by Will. Rufus.

[2] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of the coach's wheels,"

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems: "Prince and King Arthur," twenty books; "Eliza," ten; "Alfred," twelve; the "Redeemer," six; besides "Job," in folio; the whole "Book of Psalms;" the "Creation," seven books; "Nature of Man," three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore.—*Pope.*

[3] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: the first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet Street (places inhabited by booksellers); then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet Ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city and the Temple of the Goddess.—*Pope.*

[4] The three chief qualifications of party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess. *Pope.*

[5] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the "London Journal," "British Journal," "Daily Journal," &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.—*Warburton.*

To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea.

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,[1]
And Milo-like[2] surveys his arms and hands;
Then, sighing, thus, "And am I now three-score?
Ah why, ye gods, should two and two make four?"
He said, and climbed a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived[3] slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
"Smedley" in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then* essayed;[4] scarce vanished out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.[5]
True to the bottom see Concanen[6] creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep;
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plunged a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day![7] just buoyant on the flood,
Then numbered with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.

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[1] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison, in his "Essay on Criticism," whom also, in his imitation of Bouhours, called the "Arts of Logic and Rhetoric," he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for, in p. 45, he cites the "Spectator" as abusing Dr. Swift by name, when there is not the least hint of it.—P. Oldmixon was also accused of falsifying history, and writing a contemptible and wicked history of the Stuarts.

[2] Milo was a famous athlete of Crotona, in Italy. He could kill a bullock with a blow of his fist.

[3] An Irishman, publisher of a scurrilous weekly paper, the "Whitehall Journal." He abused Pope and Swift vehemently.

[4] By* it is supposed that Aaron Hill was meant. He was a dramatist and manager of the opera-house. He wrote "Rinaldo," the first opera for which Handel composed music in England.

[5] An elegant compliment to Hill. Pope however, denied that it was meant for him.

[6] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the "British" and "London Journals," and in a paper called the "Speculatist."—*Pope.*

[7] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.—*Warburton.*

Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone),
Sits mother Osborne,[1] stupefied to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were, the gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall;[2] with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his pond'rous grace,[3]
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien the mud-nymph sucked him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair[4] was ravished long ago.
Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades,

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[1] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.—*Pope.*

[2] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the "British Journal." At the first publication of the "Dunciad," he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy.—Witness a paper called the "Free Briton." P.—He was one of Sir Robert Walpole's hired writers and boasted of the money he received from the Treasury. "He had great talents," Bowles tells us, "but was vain and careless, and after having acquired sufficient for competence, if not for perfect ease, he destroyed himself, having squandered as fast as he received."

[3] It was imagined that Pope meant Bishop Sherlock, whom Bolingbroke attacked for defending the measures of Sir Robert Walpole.—*Warton.*

[4] A youth carried off by the water-nymphs. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.—*Warburton.*

That tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,[1]
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice[2]
Bears Pisa's offrings to his Arethuse)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,
They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;
And Milbourn[3] chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest. [mine,
"Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceased and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthened dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God, or man.[4]

Through Lud's famed gates,[5] along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street;
Till show'rs of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenished from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,

---

[1] The River of Oblivion.

[2] See Shelley's "Arethusa."

[3] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's "Virgil," did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentlemen of the "Dunciad" against our author.—*Pope.*

[4] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to the service of ministers and factions, and employ themselves in corrupting religion by superstition or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy or flatter the follies of the great.—*Pope.* When we remember the picture Macaulay has drawn of the clergy of that day, we may excuse Pope's severity on the worst of them.

[5] King Lud, repairing the city, called the strong gate he built in the west part, Ludgate.—*Stowe's Survey of London.*

I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods,[1] or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make;
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong;
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college sophs, and three pert templars came.
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hushed with mugs of mum,
Till all, tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
And ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow·
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aimed to speak,[2] but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur,[3] knocked his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,[4]

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[1] The Rev. John Henley, commonly called "Orator Henley." Disappointed of obtaining preferment in the Church, he took to lecturing on politics on Sunday evenings, near Lincoln's-inn-fields. Hogarth caricatured him.

[2] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on love, which is very pretty."—Jacob, "Lives of Poets." But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.—*Warburton.*

[3] Blackmore's "Epic Poem."

[4] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the "Atheist's Liturgy," called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the "Rights of the Christian Church," and

Yet silent bowed to "Christ's no kingdom here."[1]
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum. [lies
Then down are rolled the books; stretched o'er them
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre[2] felt her voice to fail;
Motteux[3] himself unfinished left his tale;
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er;[4]
Morgan[5] and Mandevil[6] could prate no more;
Norton,[7] from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,
Blessed with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hushed, as folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretched on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder marched, with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever open gate!

"Christianity as old as the Creation." He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl Stanhope.—*Warburton.*

[1] This is said by Curl, "Key to Dunc.," to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop. The bishop was Hoadley, bishop of Bangor. The sermon alluded to was preached before George I. at St. James's, 1717, and published by his special command: it soon went through many editions. It occasioned the Bangorian Controversy. Hoadley had attacked Bishop Atterbury, Pope's dear friend.—*Wakefield.*

[2] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. I. p. 32), before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's "Homer" before he began it.—*Pope.* Mrs. Centlivre wrote a "Bold Stroke for a Wife," "The Busy Body," and "The Wonder." She was born 1680, and died 1723. Her plays were thought clever, but are coarse.

[3] Peter Anthony Motteux, the excellent translator of "Don Quixote." Dryden addressed a complimentary epistle to him. He died in 1718.

[4] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M., wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726. Law wrote the "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," which Dr. Johnson said first led him to think seriously.

[5] A writer against Religion.

[6] Author of the "Fable of the Bees," a very immoral book.

[7] One of the authors of the "Flying Post."

How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seemed a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet[1]
(Haunt of the muses) made their safe retreat.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap, a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratas, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of fancy, and led by a mad poetical sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of the Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows: how the throne of dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences: giving a glimpse or Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BOOK III.

But in her temple's last recess enclosed,
On Dulness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,

[1] A prison for insolvent debtors on the banks of Fleet Ditch — *Warburton.*

He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,[1]
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on fancy's easy wing conveyed,
The king descending views the Elysian shade.
A slip-shod sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never washed, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor,[2] their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more).
Benlowes,[3] propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy[4] on his brows.
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits,[5] to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipped, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears[6] unbar the gates of light,

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[1] Alluding to the search for the Philosopher's Stone.

[2] John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

> "I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravelled, could no further get."

He wrote four score books in the reign of James I., and Charles I., and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long Acre. He died in 1654. P.

[3] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagrammed his name, Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which he spent his whole estate upon them. —*Pope.*

[4] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.—*Warburton.*

[5] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit;* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem.—*Scriblerus.*—*Pope.*

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit."—"Rem. on Prince Arthur," part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the "Dunciad."—*Pope.*

[6] Booksellers, printers for anybody.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.[1]
Wondering he gazed: when lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle[2] wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appeared the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son.
"Oh, born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touched this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drenched thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?[3]
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mixed the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll at their tides; then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs twirled round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recalled, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

[1] John Ward of Hackney, Esq., Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727.—*Pope.*

[2] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics.—*Pope.* He was at one time thought to rival Dryden!

[3] Bœtia was famed for dulness, but it produced Pindar and Epaminondas.

"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag displayed,
And all the nations covered in her shade.

"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One god-like monarch[1] all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wandering Tartar bounds
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

"Thence to the south extend thy gladdened eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,[2]
And lick up all the physic of the soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The north by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port![3] the martial frame
Of Genseric![4] and Attila's[5] dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore,[6])
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet[7] draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.

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[1] Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.—*Warburton.*

[2] The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the physic of the soul.—*Warburton.*

[3] Alaric, King of the Visigoths; he took Rome, A. D. 410.

[4] A famous Vandal Prince; he sacked Rome, 455, A. D.

[5] King of the Huns, called the "Scourge of God."

[6] Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.

[7] Mahomet,

"Lo! Rome herself proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore:
Her grey-haired synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.[1]
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even the antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See the cirque falls, the unpillared temple nods,
Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christened Jove adorn,[2]
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See, graceless Venus to a virgin turned,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burned.
"Behold, yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowled, uncowled, shod, unshod,
Peeled, patched, and piebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.[3]
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage!
"And see my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite isle, long severed from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers[4] to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.

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[1] Friar Bacon, who had a head made of brass, through which, by means of the now well-known acoustic pipes, he called his servant. The head was believed to be magical, and he was in some danger of being burned for a magician.

[2] After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.—*Warburton.* The image of St. Peter in the great Church at Rome was said to be an ancient one of Jupiter.

[3] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter. P.

[4] This is fulfilled in the fourth book. P.

As Berecynthia,[1] while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crowned
Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round;
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a dunce. [place,

"Mark first that youth who takes the foremost
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.[2]

"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward[3] shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.

"Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.[4]
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.
Lo, Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's[5] funereal frown.

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[1] See Virgil, Eneid VI.—*Pope.*

[2] Cibber's son Theophilus. He wrote a ballad opera called "Pattie and Peggy."

[3] Ward has been spoken of before. He kept a public-house, and was the author of some pointed things against Pope, in prose and verse.—*Bowles.*

[4] This gentleman is son of a considerable malster of Romsey, in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney: who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the "Lives of the Poets," "Essays," and a great many law-books, "The Accomplished Conveyancer," "Modern Justice," &c. Giles Jacob of himself, "Lives of Poets," vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused, in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay. —*Warburton.*

[5] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper called "The High German Doctor." Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet Street, and writ some of the papers called "Pasquin," where by malicious innuendoes he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:—

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case.
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He pub-

Lo, sneering Goode,[1] half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindar's, and the Milton's of a Curl.

"Silence ye wolves! while Ralph[2] to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris[3] may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow![4] like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
"Ah, Dennis![5] Gildon, ah! what ill-starred rage

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lished abuses on our author in a paper called the "Prompter."—*Warburton.*

[1] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called "The Mock Æsop," and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.—*Warburton.*

[2] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive to Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his entitled "Night," a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was reccommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay, and being detected in writing on both sides in one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct.—*Warburton.*

[3] Morris Besaleel, see previous note 1, Book II.

[4] See Book II., v. 209.

[5] The reader, who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's *Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.—*Warburton.*

Divides a friendship long confirmed by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
"Behold yon pair,[1] in strict embraces joined;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a consul, this commissioner.[2]
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede[3] the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed and Wormius hight[4]
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preservest the dulness of the past!
There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls,[5] see only in the dark.
A lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, divinity her pipe,
While proud philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,

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[1] One of these was author of a weekly paper called the *Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed in 1715.—*Warburton.* They were Thomas Burnet, youngest son of the famous Bishop Burnet, and Colonel Ducket.—*Wakefield.*

[2] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.—*Pope.*

[3] Read, or peruse; though sometimes used for counsel.—*Pope.*

[4] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.—*Pope.*

"In Cumberland they say to hight, for to promise, or vow; but hight usually signifies *was called*; and so it does in the north even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland."—*Hearne.*

[5] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author the better he is pleased; like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were libraries out of order.

[6] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each

Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson[1] preach in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and Woolston's days.[2]

"Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense;
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But, learn, ye dunces! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud returned—and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart
Not touched by nature, and not reached by art."

His never-blushing head he turned aside,
(Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied[3])

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auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honor. (See former note, p. 152.)

[1] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London: whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations. —*Pope.*

[2] Tho. Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c. —*Warburton.*

[3] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his "Life," p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d———d."—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine.—*Warburton.*

And looked, and saw a sable sorcerer[1] rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies;
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth:[2]
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wild conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg[3] produces human race.
Joy fils his soul, joy innocent of thought!
"What power," he cries, "what power these wonders wrought?
Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet wouldst thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsnet skirts are edged with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon sons, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumines their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich![4] how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!

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[1] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.—*Warburton.*

[2] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's "Rape of Proserpine."—*Warburton.*

[3] In another of these farces, Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large egg.—*Warburton.*

[4] Mr John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.—*Warburton.*

Booth[1] in his cloudy tabernacle shrined,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.[3]
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's Inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
"And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.[2]
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renowned
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferred the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs
Their annual trophies,[4] and their monthly wars;
Though long my party[5] built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou my Cibber, e'er
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coached, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

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[1] Booth was joint manager of Drury Lane with Cibber.

[2] Annual trophies, on the Lord Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the artillery ground.—*Warburton.*

[3] In his "Letter" to Mr. P., Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only.—*Pope.*

[4] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the play called the "Double Falsehood" be (as he would have it believed) Shakespeare's.

[5] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow Heath. After the revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in the droll called "St. George for England," he acted in his old age in a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter House, and there died, aged sixty years.—*Warburton.*

Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,[1]
And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age,
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme[2] to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er screamed before!
To aid our cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto[3] with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub Street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.[4]
Another Æschylus appears![5] prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's,[6] be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
"Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes;
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.[7]
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!

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[1] It stood in the first edition with blanks * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context and consistent with his allegiance."

[2] He translated the Italian opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman. After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid: They inquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator, made Ulysses answer, 'I take no name,' whereby all that followed became unintelligible.—*Pope.*

[3] Names of miserable farces which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.

[4] In the farce of "Proserpine" a corn-field was set on fire; whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in "Dr. Faustus."—*Pope.*

[5] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the "Furies" was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits.

[6] See *Ovid*, Met. iii.

[7] The age of lead: Saturn was the alchemist's word for it.

On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ![1]
Lo! Ambrose Philips[2] is preferred for wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;[3]
While Wren[4] with sorrow to the grave descends;
Gay[5] dies unpensioned with a hundred friends;
Hibernian politics, O Swift thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.[6]

"Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons forever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday.
Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolved in port!"

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[1] Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the lords, that their house and the painted chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.—*Warburton.* But the allusion is to Benson's erecting a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, in which his own name is prominent as the founder.

[2] "He was (saith Mr. Jacob) one of the wits at Button's and a justice of the peace;" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland. * * * He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. Pope was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the "Examiner:" a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it. He proceeded to grosser insults, and hung up a rod at Button's with which he threatened to chastise Pope.—*Johnson.*

[3] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting house at Whitehall, the Church and piazza of Covent Garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerst House, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent Garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington [Richard Boyle]; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom—*Warburton.* See Epistle to Lord Burlington.

[4] Sir Christopher Wren who built St. Paul's; he died at the age of ninety-one.

[5] See his "Fable of the Hare and Many Friends:" but he had one true friend in the Duchess of Queensbury.

[6] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the "Iliad" in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of "Shakespeare" (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c., and the translation of half the "Odyssey" employed him from that time to 1725.—*Warburton.*

"Enough! enough!" the raptured monarch cries;
And through the iv'ry gate the vision flies.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silenceth the muses, and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them offering to approach her is driven back by a rival; but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are drawn off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels: presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness. To these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents. Amongst them one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indoleuts before mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds' nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus, and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus her high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of night and chaos, conclude the poem.

BOOK IV.[1]

YET, yet a moment one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night![2]
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half-veil, the deep intent,[3]
Ye pow'rs! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and withered ev'ry bay;
Sick was the sun, the owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.[4]
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud concealed,
In broad effulgence all below revealed;
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains,
There foamed rebellious Logic, gagged and bound,
There, stripped, fair Rhet'ric languished on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
(Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,)
Gasps, as they straighten at each end the cord,

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[1] This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the "Greater Dunciad," not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the "Greater" and "Lesser Iliad." But much are they mistaken who imagine this work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the "Iliad" itself was the work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia "of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.—*Bentley. Pope.*

[2] Invoked as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.—*Pope.*

[3] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves or imperfectly.—*Pope.*

[4] Dull and venal.—*Pope.*

And dies when Dulness gives her Page the word.[1]
Mad Máthesis[2] alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle finds its square.[3]
But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie,
Watched both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye:[4]
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrained her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield![5] a tear refuse
Thou wep'st, and with thee wept each gentle muse.
When lo! a harlot form[6] soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, here robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She triped and laughed, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine-a scronful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.
"O Cara! Cara! silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let division reign:[7]

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[1] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.—*Pope.*

[2] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c.—*Pope.*

[3] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle.—*Pope.*

[4] One of the misfortunes falling on authors from the act for subjecting plays to the power of a licenser, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons.—*Pope.*

[5] This noble person in the year 1737, when the Act was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech.—*Pope.*

[6] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favorite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance that opera should prepare for the opening of the grand sessions was prophesied of in book iii. ver. 304.—*Pope.*

[7] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves and fritter all their sense:
One trill shall harmonise joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, Encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense.
Strong in new arms, lo! Giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arrest him, empress; or you sleep no more—"
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summoned to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head;
None want a place for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.

The gath'ring number as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess:
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or, impious, preach his word without a call.

---

orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned.—*Pope.*

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown;
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the muse's hypocrite.

Then marched the bard and blockhead, side by side.
Who rhymed for hire, and patronised for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower.[1]
There moved Montalto[2] with superior air;
His stretched-out arm displayed a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he passed, and bowed from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Composed he stood, bold Benson[3] thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propped he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appeared Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capped youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive[4] the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;[5]
Let standard authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hacked and torn.

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[1] Means Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Hervey, in his dedication of the "Life of Cicero."—*Warton.*

[2] Sir Thomas Hanmer, an editor of Shakespeare.—*Wakefield.*

[3] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's version of the psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, book iii. ver. 325.—*Pope.*

[4] The goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.—*Pope.*

[5] Mede, at Jason's request, restored his father Æson to youth by substituting a magical liquor for his blood, after that had been drained from his throat.

And you, my critics! in the chequered shade,
Admire new light through holes yourself have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page,[1] a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,[2]
A heavy lord shall hang at ev'ry wit,
And while on fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinioned to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present their first address.
Dunce scorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beavered brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infant's blood, and mother's tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus. "Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,[3]
Points him two ways; the narrower is the better;
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.[4]
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain;

---

[1] *Pagina*, not *pedissequus*. A page of a book; not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.—*Scriblerus. Pope.*

[2] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber. —*Warburton.*

[3] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

'Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos."—*Pers. Pope.*

[4] This circumstance of the *genius loci* (with that of the index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the "Table of Cebes," where the genius of human nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life.—*Pope.*

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er designed,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall[1]
There truant Wyndham[2] ev'ry muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray,[3] was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney[4] lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reached the work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that masterpiece of man.[5]
"Oh" (cried the goddess) "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar school![6]
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,

---

[1] Westminster Hall and the House of Commons.—*Pope.*

[2] Sir William Wyndham, an eminent English statesman. The eloquent and persistent opponent of Sir Robert Walpole.

[3] The Earl of Mansfield, to whom he addressed an epistle; he was Chancellor of Great Britain.

[4] Lord Charles Talbot Pulteney, Earl of Bath, who succeeded in depriving Sir Robert Walpole of his place.

[5] Viz., an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."—*Pope.*

[6] King James I. delighted in teaching his favourites Latin; and Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador, used to speak false Latin in order to give the king the pleasure of correcting him, thus securing his favour.

A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away;[1]]
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,[2] [thick
Came whip and spur, and dashed through thin and
On German Crouzaz,[3] and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murmuaing fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,[4]
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.[5]
Before them marched that awful Aristarch;[6]
Ploughed was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vailed to human pride,
Walker[7] with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bowed the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt———is Aristarchus[8] yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me[9] shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better:
Author of something yet more great than letter;

---

[1] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to duiness in its whole body.—*Pope*, under *Bentley's* name.

[2] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the university of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding," and to forbid the reading it. See his letters in the last edition.—*Pope*

[3] Author of an abusive commentary on the "Essay on Man."—*Warburton.*

[4] The river Cam running by the walls of these colleges, which are famous for skill in disputation.

[5] Viz., "now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine, called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly.—*Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis. Pope.*

[6] The redoubtable Bentley, the Cambridge critic.

[7] John Walker, Vice-Master of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, while Bentley was Master. He was Bentley's constant friend.

[8] A famous commentator and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic.—*Pope.*

[9] Bentley had much injured Milton by his fancied improvements. —*Scribl. Pope.*

While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma,[1] and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *me*, or *te*,[2] of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.[3]
Let Freind[4] affect to speak as Terrence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus[5] shall supply:
For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas[6] for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal:
What Gellius or Stobæus hashed before,
Or chewed by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster,[7] Burman, Wasse shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dulness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod.

---

[1] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.—*Pope.*

[2] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written, had it been about *meum* or *tuum*, it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or *te doctarum hederæ.—Scribl. Pope.*

[3] Grammatical disputes about the pronunciation of Cicero's name in Greek.

[4] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster School, and canon of Christ Church—Dr Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.—*Pope.*

[5] Inferior Latin authors. Solinus has been called Pliny's ape. He is supposed to have lived in the third century. His chief work was "Polyhistor." Manilius wrote a poem on "Astronomy."

[6] Suidas, a dictionary writer; a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second, Gellius, a minute critic; the third, Stobæus, an author, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors.—*Pope.*

[7] Ludolph Kuster, a German literary critic, who compiled an edition of Suidas in England, and printed it at Cambridge, 1705. That university conferred on him a doctor's degree. Franciscus Burman, Dutch theologian and professor; born 1671, died 1719. Joseph Wasse, English physician and philologist; born 1672, died 1738.

Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a νοῦς.
Nor could a Barrow[1] work on every block,[2]
Nor has one Atterbury spoiled the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.

"What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry scienc, run through ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none;[3]
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, be persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce;
Or set on metaphysic ground to prance
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off,[4] and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
W———, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker! our hat——" nor more he deigned to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.[5]

---

[1] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ Church, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry; the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.—*Pope.*

[2] An allusion to the Latin proverb:—"Non ex quovis ligno fil Mercurius."—*Wakefield.*

[3] These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the "Dunciad" was written.—*Warton.*

[4] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.—*Pope.*

[5] See Homer, "Odyss." xi., where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention

In flowed at once a gay embroidered race,
And tittering pushed the pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drowned
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun,
"Receive, great empress! thy accomplished son:[1]
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake:
The mother begged the blessing of a rake.
Thou gavest that ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy, nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious,[2] all at once let down,
Stunned with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.[3]
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy convents, bosomed deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silvered vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,

---

between the travelling and the university tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former: so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired.—*Scribl. Pope.*

[1] The Duke of Kingston was meant.

[2] See Virg. "Æn." i.

> At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit
> Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu
> Cernere ne quis eos:—1. Neu quis contingere possit;
> 2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him; to wit, 1. That nobody might touch or correct him; 2. Might stop or detain him; 3 Examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.—*Pope.*

[3] The pernicious effects of too early travelling ridiculed.

And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;[1]
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuchs and enamoured swain.
Led by my hand, he sauntered Europe round,
And gathered ev'ry vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace, equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit w———d:
Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;
Dropped the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoiled his own language, and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turned air, the echo of a sound![2]
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber[3] shall think fit;
Stolen from a duel, followed by a nun,
And, if a borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore[4]
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of w———
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleased, she accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then looked, and saw a lazy, loilling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loit'rers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

---

[1] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.—*Warburton.*

[2] Yet less a body than echo itself; for echo reflects sense or words at least, this gentleman only airs and tunes:

Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.

Ovid, "Met." *Scriblerus. Pope.*

[3] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth: and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see book i. ver. 199, &c.—*Warburton.*

[4] Madame de la Touche, the celebrated mistress of the Duke.

Thee too, my Paridel![1] she marked thee there,
Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair.
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius,[2] crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his gems, and cankered as his coins,
Came, crammed with capon, from where Pollio dines.[3]
Soft, as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whispered first his prayer.
"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat,
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,[4]
Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call an owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops[5] clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;[6]
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his lares, though his house be sold:
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two."

---

[1] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly squire, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.—*Pope.*

[2] The name taken from Annius, the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity, but our Annius had a more substantial motive.—*Warburton.* By Annius was meant Sir Andrew Fountaine.—*Warton.*

[3] This seems more obscure than almost any other passage in the whole. Perhaps he meant the Prince of Wales' dinners.—*Bowles.*

[4] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis guards, and mortals call an owl,

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer.—*Warburton.*

[5] Cecrops, the first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins extant.—*Pope.*

[6] Mahomet professed to receive divine messages from a pigeon.

Mummius[1] o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renowned,
Who like his Cheops[2] stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swelled, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
Speakest thou of Syrian princes?[3] traitor base!,
Mine, goddess! mine is all the hornèd race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes,[4] and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risked the Grecian gold,
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.
"Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,"[5]
(Replied soft Annius) "this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid with me Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learned shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas[6] lend his soft, obstetric hand."

---

[1] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummies was no virtuoso. —*Warburton.* (Dr. Mead meant.)

[2] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's "Travels," where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty; which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.—*Warburton.*

[3] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages.—*Pope.*

[4] Hermes or Mercury was the god of thieves.

[5] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded, and whose horns they wore on their medals.—*Pope.*

[6] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all curious in what related to "Horace," of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.—*Warburton. Pope.*

The goddess smiling seemed to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crowned,
Each with some wondrous gift approached the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent to the throne appeal.
The first thus opened: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I reared this flower,
Suckled, and cheered, with air, and sun, and shower,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipped its head;
Then throned in glass, and named it Caroline:[1]
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo, the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
Oh, punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!"
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accused stood forth, and thus addressed the queen.
"Of all the enamelled race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shined this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chased from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I followed; now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fixed, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fixed, the beauteous bird I seized:
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.

[1] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favorite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, This is my Queen Caroline.—*Warburton.* *Pope.*

I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but show the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair even in death! this peerless butterfly.
"My sons!" (she answered) "both have done your parts;
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.[1]
The common soul, of Heav'ns' more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirred;
The dull may waken to a humming bird;
The most recluse, discreetly opened, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;[2]
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.[3]
"O! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason giv'n them but to study flies!
See nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the whole escape:[4]
Learn but to trifle, or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!"
"Be that my task" (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,[5]

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[1] Of whom see ver. 345 above.—*Warburton.*

[2] Of which the naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species.—*Pope.*

[3] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.—*Warburton. Pope.*

[4] Are there not many who on this count still merit a place in a "Dunciad?"

[5] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions, according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate house. See Craig's "Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica." But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite dissappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraord-

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
"Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,[1]
And reason downward, till we doubt of God;
Make nature still[2] encroach upon His plan;
And shove Him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into His place;[3]
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all His laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause,
Find virtue local, all relation scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius[4] drew, a God like thee:
Wrapped up in self, a God without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image[5] to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles[6] in raptured vision saw,
While through poetic scenes the Genius roves,

---

inary power of our goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.—*Warburton.* *Pope.*

[1] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the first cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity yet discover so much of Him, as enables them to see the end of their creation, and the means of their happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.—*Warburton.* *Pope.*

[2] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtle matter, &c.—*Warburton.* *Pope.*

[3] The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding philosophers.—*Pope.*

[4] Lucretius was a great Roman poet. His poem "On the Nature of Things" is, however, founded on the doctrines of Epicurus.

[5] Bright image was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of nature which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτοπτον Ἄγαλμα, or the self-seen image, *i. e.*, seen by its own light.—*Scribl.* *Pope.*

[6] Lord Shaftesbury, who was a Deist.

Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus[1] snores.
Roused at his name, up rose the bousy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;[2]
Then snapped his box, and stroked his belly down;
Rosy and rev'rend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and called the Goddess dame
Then thus: "From priest-craft happily set free,
Lo! ev'ry finished son returns to thee:
First slave to words, then vassal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrowed still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen?[3]
Marked out for honours, honoured for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in pension, or in punk!
So K* so B** sneaked into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W**[4] nipped in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? this chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus,[5] Goddess! shall perform the rest.
With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion[6] dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'rything;
And nothing left but homage to a king!

[1] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from Virgil, eclog. vi., where he sings the principles of that philosophy in his drink.—*Warburton.* By Silenus he means Thos. Gordon, a violent Whig, the transalator of Tacitus, who published the "Independent Whig," and obtained a place under government.—*Warton.*

[2] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or atoms, Virg., eclog. vi.
"Semina iguis—semina flammæ." P.

[3] *I.e.*, This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.—*Pope.*

[4] Philip, Duke of Wharton, celebrated for his profligacy and eccentricity. He died in exile, 1731.—*Bowles.*

[5] The effect of the Magus cup was the reverse of that of Circe.

[6] Endymion loved the moon.

The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs,
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.

On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on party-coloured wings:
Turned to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the siren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K**,
Why all your toils? your sons have learned to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *seve* and *verdeur*[1] of the vine.
What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.[2]
Knight lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,

[1] French terms relating to wines.

[2] Bladen—Hays. Names of gamesters. Robert Knight, cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality in England, and even by princes of the blood of France.—*Pope.* Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's "Commentaries." I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to Wm. Collins, the poet, whom he left an estate.—*Warton.*

To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguished sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court,[1]
Impale a glow-worm, or vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.
Some, deep Free Masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.[2]
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made doctors of her laws.
Then, blessing all, "Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.[3]
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis lead the race;
From stage to stage the licensed earl may run,
Paired with his fellow-charioteer the sun;
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtle line;[4]

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[1] Mr. Thomas Edwards. He wrote "The Canons of Criticism," which Dr. Johnson commended; but held him to be inferior to Warburton as a critic.

[2] A sort of lay brothers, slips from the roots of the Free Masons.—*Pope.*

[3] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the godness might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running-footmen, jockeys, stage coachmen, &c. But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.—*Pope.*

[4] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the "Philosophical Transactions,"—*Warburton.*—*Pope.*

The judge to dance his brother sergeant call;[1]
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more!
And nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!"
More she had spoke, but yawned—All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of Gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reached;
(St. James's first, for leaden G——— preached)[2]
Then catched the schools; the hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gaped, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solid unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Even Palinurus[3] nodded at the helm:
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinished treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign;
And navies yawned for orders on the main.
O muse! relate (for you can tell alone
Wits have short memories, and dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resigned to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull; [wrong—
Till drowned was sense, and shame, and right, and
O sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

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[1] Alluding, perhaps, to that ancient and solemn dance, intituled, "A Call of Sergeants."—*Pope.*

[2] Dr. Gilbert, Archbishop of York, who had attacked Dr. King, of Oxford, whom Pope much respected.—*Warton.* It is asserted that Dr. Gilbert was really an eloquent and impressive preacher. See Bowles's edition of Pope.

[3] Palinurus was the pilot of Æneas, who fell into the sea when sleeping at the helm. Sir Robert Walpole is here meant by Palinurus.

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls: the muse obeys the pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!
Before her, fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand oppress,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!
See mystery to mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
For public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

AN ESSAY ON MAN

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

WRITTEN IN 1732. INCORPORATED IN POPE'S WORKS, 1735.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) "come home to men's business and bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering man in the abstract, his nature and his state; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will forever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming[1] a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards; the other may seem odd, but it is true. I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament,

[1] In first edition, "out of all."

without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning; if any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, and leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage: to deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c.—II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c.—III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c.—IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of His dispensations, ver. 109, &c.—V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c.—VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c.—VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207.—VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233—IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250.—X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c., to the end.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John![1] leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us, since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die,
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above or Man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell us why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through, or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain,[2] that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,

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[1] Henry St. John, the famous Lord Bolingbroke. He was the son of Sir Henry St. John of Lydiard Tregose, in Wiltshire. He fled to France to escape impeachment for treason as a Jacobite soon after the accession of George I., but was pardoned and returned. He has been called the English Alcibiades; his best work is the "Patriot King."

[2] An allusion to the golden chain by which Homer tells us the world was sustained by Jove.

Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent field above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:[1]
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

[1] The ox was worshipped in ancient Egypt under the name of Apis.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate.
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,[1]
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms of system into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,

[1] St. Matt. x. 29.

Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care;
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge His justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r:
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?[1]
"No ('tis replied), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began;
And what created perfect?"—Why then Man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant-course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia,[2] or a Catiline?

[1] Kircher beheld the city of Euphemia swallowed up by an earthquake before his eyes; only a "dismal putrid lake," he says, "marked the spot where it had stood." The catastrophes of Lisbon, Scilla, &c., are well known.

[2] Cæsar Borgia, the son of Pope Alexander VI., was the scourge of Italy from 1492 to 1507. Catiline's conspiracy against Roman freedom is well known.

Who know but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind
Or turns young Ammon[1] loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit!
In both to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man. [soar,
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;[2]
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

[1] "Young Ammon," Alexander the Great, who pretended to be the son of Jupiter Ammon.

[2] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated.—*Pope.*

Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thundered in his op'ning ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,[1]
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine?
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection now allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide,
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

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[1] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: at their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal.—*Pope.*

Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—Oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,[1]
The great directing mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:

[1] Vide the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.—*Pope*.

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the wrapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

1. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver. 1–19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19. &c.—II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c.—III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93–130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132–160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177.—IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the office of reason, ver. 202–216.—V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;[1]
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Newton as we show an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! man's superior part
Unchecked may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;

[1] The new platonics taught by Ammonius Saccas towards the end of the second century.

Deduct what is but vanity, or dress
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts[1] the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Formed but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.

Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

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[1] Used for "actuates."

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fixed; 'tis fixed as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card,[1] but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mixed and softened, in His work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;

[1] The "card" on which the points of the mariners' compass are marked, signifies, of course, the compass itself.

Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length;
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made:
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred:
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis followed, even at life's expense;

The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
The Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fixed,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixed;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savge stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Even avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learned or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorred in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:[1]
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos joined,
What shall divide? The God within the mind:[2]
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice

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[1] Decius, who devoted himself to the infernal gods, and rushed to his death in battle because he had learned in a vision that the army would be victorious whose general should fall. Curtis leaped into a gulf which had opened in the Roman Forum, and could not be closed till the most valuable thing to Rome had been cast in. It was a warrior on his horse and in his armour.

[2] Conscience; a sublime expression of Plato's.

Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Even those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And even the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints the effect of every vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesmen, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief;
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise:
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally

The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learned is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views,[1]
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestowed on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight.
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain:
And not a vanity is given in vain,
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise,
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

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[1] The alchemist in search of the Philosopher's Stone.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

I. The whole universe one system of Society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49.—II. Reason or instinct operates alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operates also to society, in all animals, ver. 109.—III. How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much further by Reason, ver. 128.—IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, ver. 166, and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176.—V. Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212.—VI. Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver 237, &c. The influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return,
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul

Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! worked solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings!
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favoured man by touch ethereal slain.[1]
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour concealed, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assigned
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportioned to their end.
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never wrong;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as Demoivre,[2] without rule or line?

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[1] Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.—*Pope.*

[2] An eminent mathematician.—*Pope.* He was born at Vitry in Champagne, in 1667. Driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he settled in London, and died there in 1754. He was a friend of Newton.

Who did the stork, Columbus-like explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God in the nature of each being founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness·
So from the first eternal order ran,
And creature linked to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands:
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintained, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripened into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserved the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God:

Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walked with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymned their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstained, with gold undrest,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turned on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from nature rising slow to art'
To copy instinct then was reason's part;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake— ,
"Go, from the creatures the instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind;
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these forever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate.
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,

And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And, for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke: observant man obeyed;
Cities were built, societies were made;
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and joined, through love or fear
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he returned a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were formed; the name of king unknown,
'Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obeyed,
A prince the father of a people made. [sate,

VI. Till then, by Nature crowned, each patriarch
King, priest, and parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wandering furrow called the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man;
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great first Father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition that this all begun,
Conveyed unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one;
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure, trod,
And owned a father when he owned a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men.

No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
The enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counter work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains, and when groaned the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, formed like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seemed the ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reeked with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smeared with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And played the god an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
Even kings learned justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
The according music of a well-mixed state.
Such is the world's great harmony that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27.—II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external good should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70.—III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94.—IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. —V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c.—VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, ver. 165. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, ver. 183. Honours, ver. 191. Nobility, ver. 203. Greatness, ver. 215. Fame, ver. 235. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, ver. 267, &c.—VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307 &c. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, v. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name?
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,

And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.[1]
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or who would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has its share; and who would more obtain.
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

[1] Skeptics.—*Pope.*

Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If there to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See, Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just![1]
See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust?[2]

[1] The genius and patriotism of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, are immortalised by both Clarendon and Cowley. He fell fighting on the royal side at the battle of Newbury, 1643.

[2] Turenne, the famous French general and marshal, was second son of the Duc de Bouillon, and Elizabeth, daughter of William I. of

See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife![1]
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'r gave,
Lamented Digby![2] sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days, and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,[3]
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?[4]
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and there wanders Will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage[5] requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless Bethel![6] to relieve thy breast?

Nassau, Prince of Orange. He was killed by a cannon ball at Sassbach in 1675, his soldiers crying out, "Our father is dead," when the fatal result of the shot was perceived.

[1] Sir Philip Sidney, one of our greatest countrymen, was shot at Zutphen, 1586, and died a few days afterwards. His unselfish gift of the cup of cold water to the dying soldier, when wounded and thirsting himself, will never be forgotten.

[2] The Honourable Robert Digby, who died 1724. See in "Epitaphs," one on himself and his sister.

[3] M. de Belsance was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed.—*Warton.* Louis XV., in 1723, offered him a more considerable bishopric, to which great feudal privileges belonged, but he refused to leave the flock endeared to him by suffering. He lived to a great age, and died in 1755.

[4] Edith Pope, the mother of the poet, died at the age of 91 or 92, the year this poem was finished, 1733 The filial piety of Pope was remarkable.

[5] Alluding to the fate of those two great naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Etna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of the eruptions.—*Warburton.*

[6] Mr. Bethel was a friend of Pope's. The poet alluded to this line

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres'[1] head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
Or he[2] whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health, and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"

---

in a letter he wrote to a friend soon after old Mrs. Pope's death: "I have now too much melancholy leisure, and no other care but to finish my 'Essay on Man.' There will be in it but one line that will offend you (I fear), and yet I will not alter it or omit it, unless you come to town and prevent it. It is all a poor poet can do to bear testimony to the virtue he cannot reach."

[1] F. Chartres was a man of infamous character, who died 731. See notes to "Essay on the use of Riches."

[2] Titus, who exclaimed one evening, on recollecting that he had done no good to any especial person, "My friends, I have lost a day!"

Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while He has more to give:
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sighest thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayest be by kings, or w——of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman[1] to the Swede;[2]
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind?
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign[3] or bleed
Like Socrates,[4] that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own,
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;

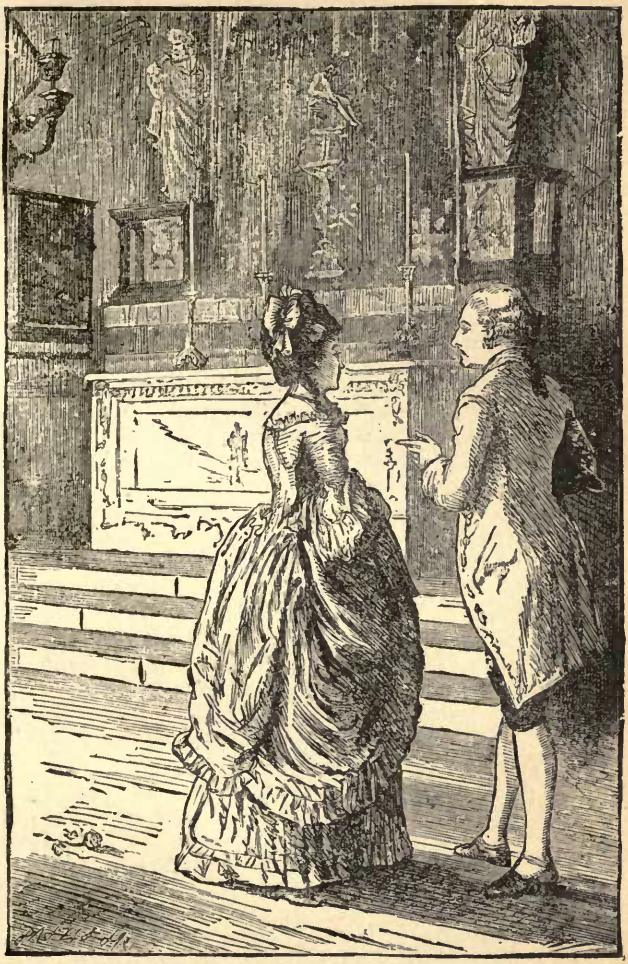
---

[1] Alexander the Great.

[2] Charles XII. of Sweden.

[3] Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome, practised the stern virtues of the Stoic philosophy. He was born A. D. 121, and died 180.

[4] As Socrates died by drinking hemlock in obedience to his sentence, Warton thinks the word "bleed" here improperly used. But, of course, it is employed only metaphorically.



And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer.

To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living,[1] as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,[2]
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own;
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:

---

[1] Prince Eugene of Savoy was still living when this poem was written. Associated with Marlborough, he fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet. He was born 1663, and died 1736. Napoleon ranked him as a general with Turenne and Frederick the Great.

[2] Marcellus was an enemy of Julius Cæsar, and after the battle of Pharsalia fled to Mitylene. Cæsar pardoned him, but on his way back to Rome, he was assassinated by his attendant, Magius, at Athens. "By Marcellus, Pope is thought to have meant the Duke of Ormond."—*Warton.* Ormond had fled from England on the death of Queen Anne, to join the Pretender.

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life!
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife:
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,[1]
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame;
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,[2]
The trophied arches, storied halls invade
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happines below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

---

[1] Lord Bacon discovered the true principles of Experimental Science, and was distinguished by his great talents in all subjects but he was condemned for (and confessed) bribery and corruption in the administration of justice while presiding in the Supreme Court of Equity; nd his flattery of the king, James I., and his favorite, Buckingham, was disgraceful.

[2] He alludes to the great Duke of Marlborough.—*Warton.* 'He loved money, but his military career was free from reproach, and he did not "plunder" beyond the allowed usages of war. The "imperious wife" hints at the terrible temper of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels could taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below:
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthened on to FAITH and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise in her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,

In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake.
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come, then my Friend! my genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while alone the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend?
That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Showed erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.[1]

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness led me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge Thy foe.

---

[1] Some passages in the "Essay on Man" having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the author composed a prayer as the sum of all, which was intended to show that his system was founded in Free-will and terminated in Piety.—*Ruff head.*

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All nature's incense rise!

MORAL ESSAYS.

IN FIVE EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consultò.—HOR.

EPISTLE I.

1733.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c., ver. 31. The shortness of life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men, to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weakness in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100.—II. Yet to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree. The utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 141. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many, ver. 149. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 158 to 178.—III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learnshe speaks, and may advance

Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,[1] [knave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, w———, and
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, those from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmarked fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths, who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the object seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discoloured through our passions shown.
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost;
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,

---

[1] An allusion to what Philostratus said of Euxenus, the tutor of Apollonius, that he could only repeat some sentences of Pythagoras, like those coxcomb birds, who were taught their εὖ πράττε and their Ζεὺς ἵλεως, but knew not what they signified.—*Warburton.*

And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though passed the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none:
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos[1] is beloved at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,[2]
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage, Umbra pays,[3]
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,[4]
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.[5]
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind;
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie;
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then, prefers, no doubt,

---

[1] "Chandos." James Brydges, first duke of Chandos. See notes to "Essay of the Use of Riches."

[2] "Manly." The principal character in Wycherly's "Plain Dealer," a comedy taken from Molière's "Misanthrope."

[3] "Umbra" was supposed to be Bubb Doddington, the favourite adviser of Agusta, Princess of Wales, mother of George III. For political subserviency to Sir Robert Walpole, he was created Lord Melcombe-Regis.

[4] Meaning Queen Caroline, Consort of George II., whom he disliked.

[5] Dean Swift.—*Warton.*

A rogue with venison to a saint without,
Who would not praise Patritio's[1] high desert,
His hand unstained, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weighed,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betrayed.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say Montagne,[2] or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,[3]
A godless regent tremble at a star?[4]
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,[5]
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
Europe a woman, child or dotard rule,[6]
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanced, was what we meant to do.
Behold! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,

---

[1] Lord Godolphin; "though he was a great gamester," says Warton, "yet he was an able and honest minister."

[2] Montaigne, the celebrated French essayist—his name was often thus spelt in Pope's time. He lived between 1533 and 1592. Peter Charron was his dearest friend; he permitted Charron to bear the Montaigne arms. In Charron's "Book of Wisdom," published in 1601, he inserted a great many of Montaigne's sentiments.

"Pope has borrowed many sensible remarks from Charron, of whom Bolingbroke was particularly fond."—*Warton.*

[3] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath.—*Pope.*

[4] The regent Duke of Orleans, who, though an infidel, believed in astrology.

[5] Philip V. of Spain who, after renouncing the throne for religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the crown, and, trying to resume it, was imprisoned till his death.—*Pope.*

[6] The Czarina Catherine II., the King of France (then a child), the Pope, and Victor Amadeus of Sardinia.

This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impelled
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.[1]
Not always actions show the man we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?[2]
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! tis your task to prove
One action conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownsman, learned; a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learned, more just, more everything.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:

[1] Charles V., Emperor of Germany, a great and ambitious statesman, resigned his crown and retired to a cloister. Philip II., his son, husband to Mary of England, though a bookish man, fought the battle of St. Quintin.

[2] After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemies to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with Cleopatra, and brought on himself an unnecessary war at a time his arms were needed elsewhere to disperse the relics of Pompey's army.

In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit he has lately found:
Or chanced to meet a minister that frowned.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III.

Search then the Ruling Passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.[1]
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,

[1] Philip, Duke of Wharton, born 1698; died a monk in Spain, 1731. His eccentric and dissipated career rendered him remarkable. He was, towards the end of his life, attached to the Court of the Pretender.

Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must him like or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.[1]
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and w——;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt:
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swelled his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame[2] a w——;
In this the lust, in that the avarice
Where means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aimed like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus,[3] when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

---

[1] John Wilmot, E. of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagancies in the time of Charles II.—*Warburton.*

[2] Servilia, the mother of Brutus.

[3] A wealthy Roman, famed for the extravagant luxury of his mode of life.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdon past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'rough[1] dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed
By his own son, that passes by unblessed:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking kness,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, "was thy fate;"
The doctor called, declares all help too late:
"Mercy," cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires.
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.[2]
"Odious! in wollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)[3]
"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human kind,

[1] An ancient nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health, and dispel her grief by dancing.—*Pope.*

[2] A fact told Pope by Lady Bolingbroke of an old countess at Paris. —*Warburton.*

[3] This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated actress (Mrs. Oldfield), who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath.—*Pope.* The Betty here mentioned was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield's friend and confidante. —*Warton.*

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sighed) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, sir;" "My money, sir, what all?
Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.[1]
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past;
"Oh, save my country, heav'n!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.[2]

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermined pride,
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let, then, the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecelia shine,[3]

---

[1] Sir William Bateman used those very words on his deathbed.—*Warton*

[2] Mrs. Martha Blount (daughter of Lyster Blount, Esq., of Maple Durham), the friend and favourite of Pope.

[3] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all. The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that where, as in the "Characters of Men," he has sometimes made use of real names, in the "Characters of Women" always fictitious.—*Pope.*

With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,[1]
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,[2]
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening masque:
So morning insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;[3]
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—"Oh, odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe:
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take,
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarmed,[4]
Awed without virtue, without beauty charmed;
Her tongue bewitched as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,

[1] Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent; as I.: in the "Affected," ver. 21.—*Pope.*

[2] It appears very clear that by Sappho throughout, Lady Mary W. Montagu must have been meant.—*Bowles.*

[3] II. Contrarieties in the "Soft-natured."—*Pope.*

[4] III. Contrarieties in the "Cunning" and "Artful,"

As when she touched the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild.[1]
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has even been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres:[2]
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And Atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
See sin in state, majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress,[3] prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouched, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Hautgout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analyzed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deigned at home to eat;
So Philomelé, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray:[4]

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[1] IV. In the "Whimsical."—*Pope.*

Warton says that he heard on good authority that Narcissa was meant for the Duchess of Hamilton.

[2] See note to "Essay on the use of Riches" for Pope's account of this bad man.

[3] V. In the "Vicious."—*Pope.* Designed for Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who admired Congreve; and after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table.—*Warton.*

[4] VI. Contrarieties in the "Witty and Refined."—*Pope.*

To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live,"
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends;
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)[1]
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place,
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,[2]
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage.
So much the fury still outran the wit,

[1] The person Pope intended to ridicule was the Duchess of Montague. —*Warton.*

[2] Atossa was a portrait of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the favourite and tyrant of Queen Anne.

The pleasure missed her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals what? a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robbed of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how could equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe[1] sure was formed without a spot"—
Nature in her then erred not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reached one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,

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1 Lady Suffolk, favourite of George II.

Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel! but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slandered one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe's know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.[1]
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnished out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
The exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensbury[2] to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet,[3] or plain Parson Hale.[4]

But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light displayed;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,

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[1] Pope being at dinner with Lady Suffolk, heard her tell her footman *to put her in mind* to send to know how Miss Martha Blount, who was ill, had passed the night.—*Warton.*

[2] The Duchess of Queensbury; the friend and patroness of Gay. See her portrait as "Kitty Ever Fair and Young," at the National Picture Gallery, South Kensington.

[3] Servant to the late king (George I.), said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person.—*Pope.*

[4] Dr. Stephen Hale, not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest.—*Warburton.*

Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.
In men, we various ruling passions find;[1]
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That, nature gives; and where the lesson taught[2]
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens?
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:[3]
In youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,[4]
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost;
At last to follies, youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced tw feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,

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[1] The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed, that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion is more uniform.—*Pope.*

[2] This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly their education, and in some degree by necessity.—*Pope.*

[3] What are the aims and the fate, of this sex.—I. As to *Power.*—*Pope.*

[4] II. As to *Pleasure.*

And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah, friend![1] to dazzle let the vain design;[2]
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,[3]
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing,
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.
Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear,
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules:
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille:
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though China fall.[4]
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strikes to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fixed principles, with fancy ever new;

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[1] Martha Blount, to whom the poem is dedicated.

[2] Advice for their true interest.—*Pope.*

[3] The Ring was a fashionable promenade in Kensington Gardens.

[4] The mania for China was at that time remarkable. Addison with his most delicate humour, has touched on the subject in the "Lover," No. 10; quoting Epictetus to comfort a lady grieving for such a misfortune.

Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first opened on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watched that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.[1]

TO ALLEN LORD BATHURST.[2]

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21–77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89–160. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c., 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121–153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only

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[1] This epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste.* He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington, at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places; and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."—*Pope.*

[2] This Epistle is written in the form of a dialogue between the poet and Lord Bathurst.

"None of my works" said Pope to Mr. Spence, "was more laboured than my 'Epistle on the Use of Riches.'"

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* The Duke of Chandos in the next Epistle as Timon.

be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161–178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The Man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n
That man was made the standing jest of heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
Then careful Heav'n supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of the elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward,[1] to Waters, Chartres,[2] and the Devil.

[1] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that director's estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and to see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several eras of his life, at his standing in the pillory he was worth about two hundred thousand pounds; at his commitment to prison, he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand.—*Pope.*

[2] Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vices.—When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital, into a new capital, and

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve;
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend.
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

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seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. He was twice condemned for great crimes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c., into the grave along with it. The following epitapth contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:—

Here continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an inflexible constancy, and
inimitable uniformity of life,
Persisted,
In spite of age and infirmities,
In the practice of every human vice;
Excepting prodigality and hypocrisy:
His insatiable avarice excepted him
from the first,
His matchless impudence from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating
pravity of his manners
Than successful in accumulating wealth.
For, without trade or profession,
Without trust of public money,
And without bribe-worthy service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A ministerial estate.
He was the only person of his time,
Who could cheat without the mask of honesty
Retain his primeval meanness
When possessed of ten thousand a year,
And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could not do.
Oh, indignant reader!
Think not his life useless to mankind!
Providence connived at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages
A conspicuous proof and example,
Of how small estimation is exorbitant
wealth in the sight of God,
By his bestowing it on the most unworthy
of all mortals.

This gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in land, and about one hundred thousand in money.—*Pope.*

Mr. Waters, the second of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil, capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly. —*Pope.*

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betrayed.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave;
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,[1]
From the cracked bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;[2]
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to a distant shore;[3]
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.[4]
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumbered villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;

[1] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the king, where he had received a large bag of guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. According to Warburton, this was Sir Christopher Musgrave.—*Pope.*

[2] In our author's time, many princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a king for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.—*Pope.*

[3] Alludes to several ministers, counsellors, and patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720.—*Pope.*

[4] Supposed to be a stroke of satire on Queen Caroline. Pope was an adherent of the "King over the water," whom he believed to have been sold by traitors.

And Worldly crying coals from street to street,[1]
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's[2] whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's[3] a bull he led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six w——, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner[4] finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton,[5] waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins,[6] heirs;

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[1] Some misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal mines, had entered at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year.—*Pope*

[2] Sir William Colepepper, Bart., a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offered him.—*Pope.*

[3] A well-known club.

[4] One who, being possesed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four per cent., and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest: which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and this by that course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses.—*Pope.*

[5] A nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first epistle.—*Pope.*

[6] A citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vulture Hopkins. He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand

To Chartres, vigour: Japhet, nose and ears?[1]
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all the embroidery plastered at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.[2]
To some indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond d—s the poor, and hates them from his heart:[3]
The grave Sir Gilbert[4] holds it for a rule,
That "every man in want is knave or fool:"

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pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir-at-law.—*Pope.*

[1] Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor.—*Pope.*

[2] A famous duchess of Richmond in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her cats.—*Pope.*.

This duchess of Richmond was La Belle Stuart of the Count de Grammont's memoirs. She left annuities to certain female friends on condition that they took care of her cats. "A delicate way," Warton says, "of providing for poor but proud gentlewomen without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality."

[3] This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled. By the report of the committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the directors, replied, "D—— the poor." That "God hates the poor," and "That every man in want is a knave or fool," &c., were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned.—*Pope.*

[4] Heathcote, a director of the Bank of England at that time.

"God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.[1]
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne forsees a general excise.[2]
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter[3] sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius[4] was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.[5]

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[1] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of venison was from three to five pounds.—*Pope.*

[2] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation.—*Pope.*

[3] Peter Walter, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe conveyancer; extremely respected by the nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. —*Pope.*

Peter Walter was steward to the duke of Newcastle and other noblemen. He acquired an immense fortune, represented Bridport in Parliament, and died 1745, ætat. 83. He is supposed to have been the original of Fielding's important "Peter Pounce." He was a notorious miser, and very cunning. Peter Walter is said to have been the hero of the well-known story of the "Miser and the Candle."

[4] A Roman lawyer, so rich as to purchase the empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.—*Pope.*

[5] Modest Gage was brother of the first Viscount Gage, and is supposed to have been brother also to Pope's "Unfortunate Lady."

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,[1]
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.
Much injured Blunt![2] why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
Shall deluge all; and av'rice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged on Anne's and Edward's arms?"
'Twas no court-badge, great scriv'ner! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And, nobly wishing party rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
"The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsy we can frame,
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,

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[1] "Maria" was Lady Mary Herbert, the daughter of the Marquis of Powis. Her mother was an illegitimate daughter of James II., hence her vision of a crown.

The two persons here mentioned were of quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realise above three hundred thousand pounds; the gentleman with a view to the purchase of the crown of Poland, the lady on a vision of the like royal nature of the crown of England. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies.—*Pope.*

[2] Sir John Blunt, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterwards one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732.—*Pope.*

The folly's greater to have none at all. [sends,
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each passion
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when concealed they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads blessed his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Brahmins, saints, and sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No raftered roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son; he marked this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,

More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughtered hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat;
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet;
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.[1]
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude:
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity: with plenty, health,
O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoiled by wealth!
That secret rare, between the extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weighed, be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused;
As poison heals, in just proportion used:
In heaps, like ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well-dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,

[1] A common mode of the lower class at that time of expressing their hatred of Popery.—*Bowles.*

Unelbowed by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,[1]
To ease the oppressed, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross;[2]
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,[3]
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

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[1] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble libraries in Europe.—*Pope.*

[2] The person here celebrated, who with a small estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the Man of Ross given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.—*Pope.* Two elms said to have been planted by the Man of Ross, were cut down, but have since appeared inside the church where they now grow.

[3] The Wye.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame.
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there,[1] where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies,[2] a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.[3]
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies[4]—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's[5] proud alcove,

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[1] In the Parish Register.

[2] Vulture Hopkins, mentioned at line 85.

[3] The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.—*Pope.*

[4] This lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possessed of about £50,000 a year, and passed through many of the highest posts i the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery.—*Pope.*

[5] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke of Buckingham.—*Pope.*

The bower of wanton Shrewsbury[1] and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimicked statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
His grace's fate sage Cutler[2] could forsee,
And well (he thought) advised him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blessed?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crowned,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banished the doctor, and expelled the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared!
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale— *B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column,[3] pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.

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[1] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The earl, her husband, was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the duke's horses in the habit of a page.—*Pope.*

[2] Sir John Cutler, a rich London citizen.

[3] The monument on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the fire of London, of 1666, with an inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the papists.—*Pope.*

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnised the Lord's:
Constant at church, and change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqued such saintship to behold,
And longed to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish[1] lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes;
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."

The tempter saw his time; the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions poured on ev'ry side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit:
What late he called a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His counting-house employed the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.

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[1] The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people: nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.—*Pope.*

There (so the dev'l ordained) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catched a cold and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, w——, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p— for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.[1]
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Baalam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.[1]

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.[2]

ARGUMENT.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation, in this as in everything else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow nature even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings,

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[1] —atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
JUV. iii. 3.—*Warburton.*

[1] This Epistle was written and published before the preceding one, and the placing it after the third has occasioned some awkward anachronisms and inconsistences—*Warton.*

[2] Lord Burlington was famed for his taste in architecture. His house in Piccadilly was greatly lauded by Horace Walpole. Burlington House has now given way to the Royal Academy buildings, &c.

for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will but be perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c., to 92. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97, and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repitition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c., and finally, the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy,
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham,[1] drawings and designs,
For Pembroke, statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne[2] alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.[3]
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer w——

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show, how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste?
Some demon whispered, "Visto! have a taste."
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley[4] with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo[5] build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reached magnificence!

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[1] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of drawings.—*Pope.*

[2] Thomas Hearne, well known as an antiquarian.—*Pope.*

[3] Two eminent physicians; the one had an excellent library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities: both men of great learning and humanity.—*Pope.*

[4] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings made him comptroller of the Board of Works.—*Pope.*

[5] He means Bubb Doddington's magnificent palace at Eastbury, near Blandford, which he had just finished.—*Bowles.*

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,[1]
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating-fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patched dog-hole eked with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre[2] have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,

[1] The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.—*Pope*

[2] Inigo Jones. "Le Nôtre," says Walpole, "was the architect of the groves and grottoes of Versailles. He came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich Parks: no great monuments of his invention."

Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.[1]
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham[2] comes, and floats them with a lake
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or sheltered seat again.[3]
Even in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.[4]
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The woods supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meandered o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus strayed,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;

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[1] The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire.—*Pope.*

[2] Viscount Cobham. His seat was Stowe, in Bucks, once the residence of the Duke of Buckingham.

[3] This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of above £5000, by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.—*Pope.*

[4] Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the hermitage, while the Doctor duly frequented the Court.—*Pope.* Pope disliked Dr. Clarke because he was a favourite of Queen Caroline's, and the opinions he was supposed to hold were not orthodox.

One boundless green, or flourished carpet views,[1]
With all the mournful family of yews;[2]
The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa[3] let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draugh
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a laboured quarry above ground;
Two cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be played;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphiirite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators[1] fight or die in flowers;
Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,

[1] The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a boundless green, large and naked as a field, or a flourished carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.—*Pope.*

[2] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of evergreens (particularly yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral procession.—*Pope*

[3] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false taste of magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but good sense can attain it.—*Pope.* This was said to have been meant for the place of the Duke of Chandos; but Pope positively asserts, in a note at Essay III., that Timon was not meant for his friend.

[1] The two statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens.*—*Pope.*

And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft,—by regular approach,—not yet,—
First, through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;[1]
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is he stored?[2]
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round:
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:[3]
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings[4] you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre[5]
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.[6]
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

---

[1] The approaches and communications of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient.—*Pope.*

[2] The false taste in books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried it so far as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do.—*Pope.*

[3] The false taste in music, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c.—*Pope.*

[4] And in painting (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters.—*Pope.*

[5] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c., at Windsor, Hampton Court, &c., and Laguerre at Blenheim Castle, and other places.—*Pope.*

[6] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly."—*Pope.*

The rich buffet well-coloured serpents grace,[1]
And gaping tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hectaomb.[2]
A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.[3]
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantalised in state,
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;[4]
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Embrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;

---

[1] Taxes the incongruity of ornaments (though sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c., are introduced in grottoes or buffets.—*Pope.*

[2] The proud festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment.—*Pope*

[3] See "Don Quixote."—*Pope.*

[4] The moral of the whole, where Providence is justified in giving wealth to those who squander it in this manner. A bad taste employs more hands, and diffuses expense more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii, ver. 230–7; and in the Epistle preceeding this, ver. 161, &c.—*Pope.*

Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
'Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands designed,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to their bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings,
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V.[1]

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

See the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,
Where, mixed with slaves, the groaning martyr toiled:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drained a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!

---

[1] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.—*Pope.*

Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sighed: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretched from shore to shore,
Their ruins perished, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps:
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,[1]
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius[2] one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops[3] in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius,[4] long with learned spleen devoured,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.[5]

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:

---

[1] This is a collection of silver, that of brass coins.—*Warburton.*

[2] The rare medal of the Emperor Pescennius Niger, who succeeded Pertinax, 193: killed, 195.

[3] The Athenian lawgiver.

[4] See his history, and that of his shield, in the "Memoirs of Scribblerus."—*Warburton.*. Vadius was Dr. Woodward, an antiquary and naturalist.

[5] Charles Patin was banished from the court because he sold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine.—*Warton.*

Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods, and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enrolled,
And vanquished realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurelled bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open, shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;[1]
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."

---

[1] James Craggs had raised himself from an inferior position to be Secretary of State to George I. When in power he offered Pope a pension of £300 a year.

SATIRES.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune (the authors of "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and of an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court") to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings, (of which, being public, the public is judge,) but my *person, morals,* and *family,*[1] whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself,* and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle. If it have anything pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *truth,* and the *sentiment;* and if anything offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious* or *the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their *names,* and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is in-

---

[1] Lady Mary W. Montagu thus addressed him in her "Address to Mr. Pope on his Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace:"

> Thine is just such an image of his pen
> As thou thyself art of the sons of men,
> Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
> A sign-post likeness of the human race,
> That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

A cruel, unwomanly sneer at the poet's physical defects. Again:

> His style is elegant: his diction pure,
> Whilst none thy crabbed numbers may endure,
> Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.

The remainder of the passage is too coarse to quote.

scribed,[1] that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John![2] fatigued, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free;
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the Mint[3] walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal round his darkened walls?

---

[1] Dr. Arbuthnot. He was a Scotch physician, who came to London, and originally taught mathematics. But being accidentally called in to attend Prince George of Denmark at Epsom, he became his Highness's physician, and Queen Anne's also. He was author of many satirical and political works; he wrote also on natural history and mathematics. His chief work was one entitled "Tables of Ancient Weights and Measures." He engaged with Pope and Swift to write a satire on human learning called "Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus," but the project was not carried out. "Arbuthnot was a man of great sweetness of temper, and had much more learning than either Pope or Swift. It is known that he gave many hints to Pope, Gay, and Swift of some of the most sterling parts of their works. He frequently and ably defended the cause of revelation against Bolingbroke and Chesterfield." —*Warton.*

[2] John Searle, his old and faithful servant.

[3] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford one another, from the persecution of their creditors.—*Warburton.*

All fly to Twitenham, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur,[1] whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my d——d works the cause.
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love!
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I'
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;[2]
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why, take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon[3] sends to me: "You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libelled me,—"but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no bette
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal,[4] or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,

---

[1] Arthur Moore, a politician of the period. His son, James Moore (afterwards James Moore-Smythe), was a great friend of Teresa Blount. See note at p.

[2] Pope suffered constantly from headache.

[3] The name is taken from a foolish poet of Rhodes, who pretended to much Greek. Schol. in Horat. P. I. Dr. Bentley pretends that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also.—*Pope.*

[4] Meaning the "London Journal;" a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. Bishop Hoadly wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland. —*Warton.*

A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."[1]
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I'll print it.
And shame the fools——Your int'rest, sir, with Lintot!"[2]
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we get snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,[3]
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spied them first,
(Some say his queen[4]) was forced to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick;
'Tis nothing— *P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,

---

[1] Alludes to a tragedy called the "Virgin Queen," by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called "The Assembly," 1726.—*Warton.*

[2] The famous bookseller.

[3] Midas had ass's ears given him for preferring Pan's music to Apollo's.

[4] The story is told, by some, of his barber, but by Chaucer of his queen. See "Wife of Bath's Tale" in "Dryden's Fables."—*Pope.*

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arched eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley[1] still his lord, and w——?
His butchers[2] Henley, his freemasons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit?[3] [offend,
Still Sappho— *A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll
No names!—be calm!—learn prudence of a friend!
I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like these— *P.* One flatt'rer's worse than
Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent;
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes,
One from all Grub street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, Subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short;
Ammon's great son[4] one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and "Sir! you have an eye"—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head."
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

---

[1] Cibber, the hero of the "Dunciad."

[2] This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays on the sciences. His oratory was among the butchers in Newport Market and Butcher Row. Moore has been already named. He often headed Masonic processions.—*Bowles.*

[3] This was Bishop Boulter, who was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron. He was made Primate of Ireland, "where," says Johnson, "his piety and charity will be long remembered."—*Bowles.*

[4] Alexander the Great.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,[5]
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserved, to bear.

A. But why then publish? *P.* Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise;
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot,[1] Somers, Sheffield read;
Even mitred Rochester[2] would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cookes.[3]

Soft were thy numbers; who could take offence,
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme;
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.[4]
Yet then did Gildon[5] draw his venal quill;—

---

[1] He began to write further back than he could remember.

[2] All these were patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a scandalous libel against him entitled "Dryden's Satire to his Muse," has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the publication of his first pieces: persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at sixteen or seventeen years of age, an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he wrote the "Pastorals" and "Windsor Forest," on which he passes a sort of censure in the lines following,—

While pure description held the place of sense, &c.—*Pope.*

[3] Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. This was his gesture when pleased.—*Warton.*

[4] Authors of secret and scandalous history. By no means authors of the same class, though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse.—*Warburton.*

[5] Meaning the "Rape of the Lock" and "Windsor Forest."—*Warburton.* A painted meadow, &c. is a verse of Mr. Addison.—*Pope.*

[6] Charles Gildon. He spent his property, and lived to repair his fortunes by writing abusive pamphlets.—*Bowles.*

I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered,—I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made him print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley[1] down to pidling Tibalds;
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Even such small critic some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.[2]
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,[3]
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:

---

[1] The following epigram by Pope, in Bentley's edition of "Milton," to which the epithet slashing alludes, I have found in his handwriting:

Did Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse did Bentley comment?—know
A weak officious friend becomes a foe,
While he best sought his author's fame to further,
The murd'rous critic has avenged thy murder.—*Bowles.*

[2] Theobald had found fault with Pope's edition of "Shakespeare."

[3] Ambrose Philips translated a book called the "Persian Tales," a book full of fancy and imagination.—*Pope.*

And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.[1]
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatt'rers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus[2] were he?

Who though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaistered posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?[3]
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)

[1] Nahum Tate, poet laureate, the author of the version of the psalms in connection with Brady.

[2] It was a great falsehood, when some of the libels reported that this character was written after the gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the "Dunciad." But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name in the edition of his works.—*Pope.*

[3] Hopkins, in the 104th psalm.—*Pope.*

No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings passed my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puffed by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head,[1])
Received of wits an undistinguished race,
Who first his judgment asked, and then a place:
Much they extolled his pictures, much his seat,
And flattered every day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assigned,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.[2]
May some choice patron bless each gray goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So, when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay;[3]
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,

---

[1] Ridicules the affectation of antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless trunks or torsi of statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide "Fulv. Ursin," &c.—*Pope*

[2] Mr. Dryden after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of quality.—*Pope.*

[3] The sweetness of Gay's temper had endeared him to all his literary cotemporaries. The Duke and Duchess of Queensbury were his unfailing and true friends.

Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head:
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I asked what next shall see the light?
Heav'n's! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or, (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift"—"Indeed? no doubt.
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will.[1] or Bubo[2] makes,
Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style?
Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:

---

[1] Sir William Young.—*Bowles.*

[2] Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.—*Bowles.*

Who to the Dean, and silver bell can swear,[1]
And sees at Canons[2] what was never there;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction, lie.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble[3]— *A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or balsphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,

---

[1] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. P. meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the epistle on "Taste." See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter.—*Pope.*

[2] The house of the Duke of Chandos.

[3] John Lord Hervey, the favourite of Queen Caroline, and friend of Lady M. W. Montagu. His "Memoirs of the Reign of George II." speak for his character.

Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile;—be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways:
That flatt'ry, even to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralized his song:
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He 'stood[1] the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,[2]
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;[3]
The morals blackened when the writings scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape:[4]
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,[5]
A friend in exile,[6] or a father, dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear:—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past;
For thee, fair virtue! welcome even the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

---

[1] Stood is here put for *with*stood.—*Bowles.*

[2] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespeare, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c., which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the libels, and even in that called "The Nobleman's Epistle."—*Pope.*

[3] Such as profane psalms, court poems, and other scandulous things, printed in his name by Curll and others.—*Warburton.*

[4] Caricatures published of him.—*Bowles,*

[5] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welsted, Tho. Bently, and other obscure persons.—*Pope.*

[6] Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
This dreadful satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress;
So humble, he has knocked at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slandered, did he once reply? — [1]
Three thousand suns, went down on Welsted's lie.[2]
To please a mistress one aspersed his life;
He lashed him not, but let her be his wife.
Let Budgel charge low Grub Street on his quill,[3]
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;[4]
Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.[5]
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,

---

[1] It was so long after many libels before the author of the "Dunciad" published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him.—*Pope.*

[2] This man had the impudence to tell in print that Mr. P. had occassioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from any great man whatsoever.—*Pope.*

[3] Budgel, in a weekly pamphlet called the "Bee," bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the "Last Will" of Dr. Tindal, in the "Grub Street Journal;" a paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author.—*Pope.*

[4] Alluding to Tindal's will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.—*Pope.* The Rev Nicholas Tindal author of "The Continuation of Rapin," declared his suspicion that this will was forged This was generally credited, and Budgel, in 1737, drowned himself. He wrote several of the "Spectators."

[5] In some of Curll's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's father was said to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay, a bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a nobleman (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an "Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity:" and the following line—

Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure,

had fallen from a like courtly pen, in certain "Verses to the Imitator of Horace." Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turnor, Esq., of York; she had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of king Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:—

It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a ——:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?—*P.*
their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age.
Nor courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath,[1] nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O, grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O, friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,[2]
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,

D. O. M.
ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO.
PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB.
MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHAE. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QVAE. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS.
FILIVS. FECIT. ET. SIBI.

—*Pope.*

[1] He was a nonjuror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope.—*Bowles.*

[2] Pope's filial piety and tender indulgence towards his mother were unrivalled.

May heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.[1]
A. Whether that blessing be denied or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to heav'n.

SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE IMITATED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An answer from Horace was both more full and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)
There are, to whom my satire seems too bold:

---

[1] Queen Annie.

Scarce to wise Peter[1] complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres[2] much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,
Lord Fanny[3] spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.

F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious,—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus,[4] Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that will close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce,[5]
With "Arms, and George, and Brunswick" crowd the [verse,
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?[6]

F. Then all your muses softer art display,
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's[7] liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays:
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber,[8] I'll maintain it still,

---

[1] Peter Walters, a noted miser. See previous note, p. 245.
[2] See previous note, p. 240. [3] Lord Hervey.
[4] Arbuthnot. [5] Sir Richard Blackmore.
[6] The horse on which George II. charged at the battle of Oudenard, thus absurdly described.
[7] Queen Caroline, the wife, and Princess Amelia, the daughter of George II.
[8] The poet laureate.

Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Even those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;[1]
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
Fox loves the senate,[2] Hockley-hole[3] his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.[4]
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verse-man or prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,[5]
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

---

[1] Darteneuf, a noted epicure. This lover of ham-pie owned the fidelity of the poet's pencil; and said, he had done justice to his taste; but that if, instead of ham-pie, he had given him sweet-pie, he never could have pardoned him.—*Warburton.*

[2] Supposed to be Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland; his brother was Stephen Fox, afterwards Lord Ilchester.—*Carruthers.*

[3] There was a famous bear-garden here.

[4] Shippen was born 1672, and elected member for Bramber, in Sussex, in 1707. He was famed for honesty, and though a Jacobite, it was of him Sir Robert Walpole declared "that he could not say who was corrupted, but he could say who was *not* corruptible; that man was Shippen." This was great praise from the minister who had had good cause to think that every politician had his price. Old Montaigne, the famous French essayist; born 1533, died 1592. Both were famous for the plain truthfulness of their character.

[5] Erasmus was noted for his moderation and gentleness.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck,[1] and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove encrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:[2]
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,[3]
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.[4]
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P—d by her love, or libelled by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres[5] eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate,—or well or ill at court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or death's black wing already be displayed,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darkened room to muse invite,
Or whitened wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee[6] or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,

---

[1] An allusion to a practice amongst the Malays, who, when they have lost all their property at the gambling table, intoxicate themselves, and rushing through the streets, kill all they meet.

[2] The Cardinal Prime Minister of France.

[3] The Countess of Deloraine, who, it was whispered at the time, had poisoned a Miss Mackenzie from jealousy.—*Bowles.* It is said to have been only scandal.

[4] Originally written with a P——. Judge Page sent to remonstrate with Pope about it.

[5] See note at p. 240.

[6] Nathaniel Lee, the tragedian, a man of some genius; but his plays were full of rant and bombast; he was mad and in Bedlam for two years. Of all his plays, "Alexander the Great" is alone remembered. Died 1690.

In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!
P. What? armed for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car:
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the Church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pensioned Boileau lash in honest strain[1]
Flatterers and bigots even in Louis' reign?[2]
Could Laureate Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding of a knave,
Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
There St. John[3] mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,[4]
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines,
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain.
Envy must own, I live among the great,
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state.
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be

---

[1] The canons of the Holy Chapel, Paris, far from being offended at Boileau's "Lutrin," joined in the laugh it caused.

[2] Lous XIV., a perfect bigot. [3] Lord Bolingbroke.

[4] Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the conquest of Valentia.—*Pope.*

Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?
F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explained by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hanged for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. Libels, and *Satires!* lawless things indeed!
But grave *Epistles,* bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write:
Such as Sir Robert would approve———
F. Indeed
The case is altered—you may then proceed!
In such a cause the plaintiff will be hissed;
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismissed.

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.[1]

What, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart,
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine,)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
Not when from plate to plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
"Go work, hunt, exercise!" (he thus began)

[1] Hugh Bethel, a great friend of Pope's. See "Moral Essays." Ep. v., where he is called "blameless Bethel."

*Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine locked up, your butler strolled abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthawed)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
"Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the others less.
"Oldfield[1] with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued![2]
O, blast it, south winds! till a stench exhale
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till beccaficos sold so devilish dear
To one that was, or would have been a peer.
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;[3]
Or e'en to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
"'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
"Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)

[1] This eminent glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.—*Warburton.*

[2] A West Indian term of gluttony, a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.—*Pope.*

[3] A famous eating-house.—*Pope.* It stood in Maiden Lane.

Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drowned)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
"He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutious, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Naevius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
"Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:"
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing,)
"First health: The stomach (crammed from every dish,
A tomb of boiled and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
"How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy, or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body, say?
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.
"On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage,
And more the sickness of long life—old age;
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate youth the vessel drains?
"Our fathers praised rank ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose:
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,

And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth!

"Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For faith, Lord Fanny![1] you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learned, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When luxury has licked up all thy pelf,
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestowed one penny well."

"Right," cries his lordship, "for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
"Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How darest thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As Marlborough's[2] was, but not at five per cent.

"Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puffed prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provide fit arms against a war?"

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy, what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.

Lord Hervey.

[2] A certain parasite, who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough, was stopped short by Bolingbroke's saying, "He was so very great a man, that I forgot he had the vice."—*Warton.*

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;[1]
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point and Bansted Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall;
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths, (your mistress shall have place),
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double taxed,[2] how little have I lost?
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before, and after, standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free-op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)[3]
"Pray heaven it last!" (cries Swift!) "as you go on:
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife:
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?[4]
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;

---

[1] Pope had 20,000 or 30,000 pounds of South-Sea stock which he had not sold out when the bubble burst.

[2] A double tax was in those days laid on the estates of Papists and Nonjurors.—*Bowles.*

[3] From Homer, "Od." b. xv. v. 74.

[4] He had a lease of his house and gardens at Twickenham for his life. The lease was purchased of a Mrs. Vernon.—*Bowles.*

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's d——d, and all's my own."
Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,[1]
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley,[2] once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fixed, and our own masters still.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

St. John, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?[3]
Now sick alike of envy, and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
See, modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals, now, retired, to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool ev'ning satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, even in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
('Tis reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
"Friend Pope! be prudent, let your muse take breath,

[1] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, at the time Pope wrote, the residence of the first Lord Grimstone.

[2] In Yorkshire; it belonged to Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

[3] Seven times seven years, *i.e.*, the 49th year, the age of the author.

And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore on a lord mayor's horse."[1]
Farewell then verse, and love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not, to what doctors I apply!
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock:
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke.[2]
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state,
Free as young Lyttelton[3] her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus,[4] or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
Long, as to him who works for debt, the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away,
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one:
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;

---

[1] The fame of this heavy poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the city of London. His versification is here exactly described; stiff, and not strong; stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced animal generally employed to mount the lord mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus.—*Pope.*

[2] Very opposite philosophers. Montaigne excelled in his observations on social and civil life; Locke in explaining the operations of the human mind.

[3] George Lord Lyttelton, born 1709, died 1773, author of the "Dialogues of the Dead," &c.; the eulogium was well merited.

[4] The disciple of Socrates and founder of the Cyrenaic sect. His maxims differed widely from those of Socrates, as he held that pleasure was the chief good.

And which not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden[1] advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words, and spells, which can control
Between the fits this fever of the soul:
Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied
Will cure the arrantest puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, Wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice: "Get money, money still!
And then let virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine preached to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whose quills stand quivered at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.[2]

---

[1] Great physicians.

[2] *I.e.*, exchequer tallies.—*Warburton.*

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;[1]
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
As pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D——l, "their Honours," and so forth.
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing:
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin,
He's armed without that's innocence within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compared to this, a minister's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy and Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With praise or infamy leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king,
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets the example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dressed rabble stare;
If honest Schutz[2] take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park;
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave:
Because I see; by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,

[1] Sir John Barnard, member for the city; he was born at Reading, of Quaker parents, but was received into the Church of England by Compton, Bishop of London.

[2] Augustus Schutz, a courtier.—*Carruthers.*

Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box,[1] some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sailed forth, the evening bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cried) like Greenwich hill!"
Up starts a palace; lo, th' obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that the devil within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word; my dear! we'll live in town."
At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor? the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and d—— the climate—like a lord.
You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lined,

[1] Alluding probably to a society called the Charitable Corporation, by which thousands were cheated and ruined.—*Bowles.*

Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale[1] apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blessed: [ed;
Rich even when plundered, honoured while oppress-
Loved without youth, and followed without power;
At home, though exiled; free, though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
A fit of vapours cloud this demi-god

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VI.

1737.

TO MR. MURRAY.[2]

"Not to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."

[1] Dr. Hale, a physician employed in cases of insanity.—*Carruthers.*

[2] "Silver-tongued Murray," as Pope called him, was born 1704, died 1793. He was a distinguished lawyer; became chief justice of the king's bench, and was finally created Earl of Mansfield. He became unpopular at one time, and had his house burned down by the mob. His valuable library was thus destroyed.

(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech.
So take it in the very words of Creech.[1])
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth, conspired
To form, not to admire but be admired,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to wit and worth
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line;

[1] From whose translation the first two lines of Horace are taken.—*Pope.*

It brightened Craggs's,[1] and may darken thine:
And what is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art with all the power of words,[2]
So known, so honoured, at the House of Lords,[3]
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde![4]

Racked with sciatics, martyred with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by battered beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.[5]
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured, whene'er they please.
Would ye be blessed? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:[6]
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal[7] leads the way,
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;

[1] His father had been in a low situation;* but, by industry and ability, got to be postmaster-general and agent to the Duke of Marlborough.—*Warton, quoted by Bowles.*

[2] It is said that Pope was Murray's instructor in the art of elocution.

[3] Murray was successful as counsel in appeals before the House of Lords in eleven causes in 1738.

[4] The great Lord Chancellor Clarendon.

[5] Both celebrated quacks. Dover professed to cure all diseases by means of *quicksilver.*—*Roscoe.*

[6] Lord Cornbury was the great Lord Clarendon's great grandson. He tried to persuade Mallet not to publish the work which has so deeply injured Bolingbroke's memory. On his return from his travels, Lord Essex, his brother-in-law, said to him, "I have got you a handsome pension." The young man answered with composed dignity, "How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold?" To this anecdote Pope alludes.

[7] Tindal. See previous note at page 118.

* It is said a footman.

On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubbed a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis[1] birth.
(Believe me, many a German Prince is worse,
Who proud of pedigree, is poor of purse.)
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Asked for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget,
If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord
To do the honours, and to give the word;
Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three members, this can choose a may'r."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,

[1] Anstis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King at Arms.—*Bowles.*

Called happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
Or shall we every decency confound,
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios, take our round,
Go dine with Chartres,[1] in each vice outdo
Kinnoul's lewd cargo, or Tyrawley's crew,[2]
From Latian syrens, French Circean feasts,
Return well travelled, and transformed to beasts,
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot[3] own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle!"
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
E'en take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.—*Horace.*

1737.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince: whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbors.

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[1] See note to "Essay on the Use of Riches," p. 240.
[2] Lords Kinnoul and Tyrawley, noted for immorality.—*Carruthers.*
[3] Lord Rochester.

This epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a patron of poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age: secondly against the court and nobility, who encouraged only the writers for the theatre; and lastly against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained: that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were in many respects useful to the state, and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.—*Pope.*

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.[1]

While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the Main;[2]
Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend;

[1] Pope, by bitter and pointed sarcasms, turned the flattery of Horace to Augustus Cæsar into a satire on George II.

[2] This epistle was written in 1737, when the Spanish depredations at sea were such, that there was a universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the contemptible and degraded English braved on their own element. "Opening all the Main" therefore, means that the king was so liberal as to leave it open to the Spaniards, who considered themselves its almost exclusive masters. It was not till two years afterwards that the long-demanded war was declared; hence the bitter irony of "your country, chief, in arms abroad defend."

How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame.
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities stormed,
Or laws established, and the world reformed;
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquered but my death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppressed we feel the beam directly beat,
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee, the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred as revered,
As heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old,
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:[1]
One likes no language but the Faëry Queen;
A Scot will fight for "Christ's Kirk o' the Green;"[2]
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the muses met him at the Devil.[3]

---

[1] Skelton, poet laureate to Henry VIII., a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.—*Pope.*

[2] A ballad made by the King of Scotland. Written by James I.—*Pope.*

[3] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club.—*Pope.*

Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well,
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If time improve our wit as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalise?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninty-nine, a modern and a dunce,

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England,[1] he may do."

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,[2]
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow;
While you to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespeare[3] (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,

---

[1] Courtesy of England, a legal term for a law of custom.

[2] The story to which Pope alludes is told in Plutarch's Life of Sertorius. To show to his troops that ingenuity was greater than force, and perseverance than rash violence, he had two horses brought into the field: one old and feeble; the other strong and young, with a very thick long tail. He desired a strong soldier to pull out the tail of the old horse. The man did his best to obey, by grasping it with both his hands and pulling with all his strength, but in vain.

Sertorius, meantime desired a very weak and small man to pull out the tail of the strong horse. He instantly began to pull out the hairs one by one, and "when the strong man had laboured much in vain," says the biographer, "and made himself the jest of all the spectators, he gave over. But the weak pitiful man in a short time and with little pains had left not a single hair on the great horse's tail."

[3] Shakespeare and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the stage; the other in his latter works in general, which Dryden called his Dotages.—*Pope.*

And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seemed to heed
The life to come, in every poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art;[1]
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakespeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment checked what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty,[2] Wycherly was slow;
But for the passions, Southern[3] sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood[4] down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton,[5] if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband[6] praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we

---

[1] Which has much more merit than his epic, but very unlike the character, as well as numbers of Pindar.—*Pope.*

[2] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common chat of the pretenders to criticism: in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.—*Pope.*

Thomas Shadwell, an English poet, was born 1640, died 1726. At the revolution he was made poet laureate in the place of Dryden, who resented the appointment by the severest satire in his MacFlecknoe. He wrote seventeen plays.

William Wychlerly, an eminent comic dramatist, born 1640, died 1715.

[3] Southern was born at Stratford-on-Avon 1660, died 1746. A dramatist of some celebrity, author of Oronooko, Isabella, &c. Nicholas Rowe, a dramatist; his best known plays are the "Fair Penitent." and "Jane Shore." He was poet laureate to George I. He was born 1673, and died 1718, lamented by Pope and all his friends.

[4] Heywood, an Elizabethan dramatist. Charles Lamb describes him as a kind of *prose* Shakespeare. He wrote 220 dramas, but only 25 are now in existence.

[5] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed plays in English, and therefore much valued by some antiquaries.—*Pope.*

[6] Cibber's "Careless Husband," a very celebrated play. Mrs. Oldfield won her fame as lady Betty Modish, one of the characters in it.

They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sidney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:[1]
Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound,
Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground,
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,
Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat,[2] Carew,[3] Sedley,[4] and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines, [page,
Or lengthened thought that gleams through many a
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured, not as bad but new;
While if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride
Which Betterton's[5] grave action dignified,
Or well-mouthed Booth[6] with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names[7])

[1] As in this example from the Arcadia:

> If the sphere's senseless yet doth hold a music.
> If the swan's sweet voice be not heard but at death,
> If the mute timber when it hath the life lost.
> Yieldeth a lute's tone.—*Warton.*

[2] Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, the friend of Cowley.

[3] Thomas Carew, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles I. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and Davenant, and wrote some very pretty poems; he died about 1639.

[4] Sir Charles Sedley was born 1639. He was one of the wits of Charles II.'s Court. His works consist of songs, plays, &c. The favourite song, "Shall I, wasting in despair," is ascribed to Sedley. He died 1701.

[5] Thomas Betterton was an actor of great eminence, born 1635, died 1710. Steele in No. 167 of the "Tatler" laments the death of this distinguished actor and good man.

[6] Barton Booth, celebrated as an actor, was born 1681. He was a Westminster scholar, and his genius for acting was first developed by the Latin plays acted by that school. He died 1733.

[7] An absurd custom of several actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere proper names of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) fill the mouth of the player.—*Pope.*

How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remained, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improved,
"All, by the king's example, lived and loved."[1]
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,[2]
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France
And ev'ry flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, softened into life, grew warm:
And yielding metal flowed to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauched at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note[3]
To pant, or tremble through a eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for Church and State;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,

---

[1] A verse of the Lord Lansdown.—*Pope.*

[2] The Duke of Newcastle's book of horsemanship: the romance of *Parthenissa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French romances translated by persons of quality.—*Pope.*

[3] The siege of Rhodes, by Sir William Davenant the first opera sung in England.—*Pope.*

Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays,
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He served a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;[1]
Even Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learned to dance.[2]
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)[3]
But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the Church or state.
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers,[4] or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;[5]

---

[1] A famous empiric, whose pill and drop had several surprising effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.—*Pope.*

[2] They visited France to examine into the medical science of that country, which has always been remarkable.

[3] Ripley was a celebrated architecht of the time, and was employed by Sir Robert Walpole. He built the beautiful house in Houghton Park, Beds; now in ruins, but still showing what it was.

[4] Alluding to the flight of Mr. Knight, one of the cashiers of the South Sea Company, by which Pope was a considerable loser.—*Warton.*

[5] The friend, perhaps, was George Pitt, of Shroton, in the county of

The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his garden and his books in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man you may suppose
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.[1]
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved:
"The rights a court attacked, a poet saved."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretched to relieve the idiot and the poor,[2]
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.

Dorset. He lived abroad, and entrusted the management of his estates to Peter Walter. Peter went down only once a year to Shroton to receive the annual rents, at the same time he visited his own estate in Dorsetshire, yet he had £400 a year for his trouble, and then charged £800 for extra expenses.—*Bowles.*

[1] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of a poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit siliquis et pane secundo* has a relation to this epicurism; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: the nobler office of a poet follows, *Torquet ab obscœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert*, &c., which the imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th verses.—*Pope.*

[2] A foundation for the maintenance of idiots, and a fund for assisting the poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.—*Pope.*

Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold[1] glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed ev'ry brow, and opened ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature, ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or feared it, took th' alarm,
Appealed to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learned to please, and not to wound:
Most warped to flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquered France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumphed o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learned to flow.

[1] In the year 1570 Clement Marot made a musical French version of the Psalms, with the hope of substituting them for the chansons d'amour, then fashionable at the court of Francis I. He was perfectly successful, and even Diane de Poitiers had her favourite Psalm, "How pants the hart!" Thomas Sternhold, groom of the bedchamber to Edward VI., hoped to do the same for the English Court, and assisted by John Hopkins, a school-master in Suffolk, translated the Psalms into English. This translation is called the old version.

Waller was smooth;[1] but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still same traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remained, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine,[2] and Corneille's noble fire,
Showed us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway[3] shone:
But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.
Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art,—the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's[4] fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ![5]
How Van[6] wants grace, who never wanted wit?
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,[7]

---

[1] Mr. Waller, about this time with the Earl of Dorset, Mr Godolphin, and others, translated the "Pompey" of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation.—*Pope.*

[2] Jean Racine, the great French dramatist, was born 1639 and died 1699. His "Phædre," "Britannicus," "Athalie," &c., are well known. Pierre Corneille was born 1606. He was an earlier dramatist than Racine, and is thought by the French more sublime. His "Cid," "Les Horaces," &c., are as famous as our own Shakespeare's plays on the Continent. He died 1684.

[3] Thomas Otway was born 1651. His master pieces were "The Orphan," and "Venice Preserved." It is said this poor genius died of want, 1685. There is a sad story told of his begging a shilling of a gentleman, who gave him a guinea. Otway bought a roll, and eating too eagerly was choked by the first mouthful.

[4] William Congrove was a popular comic dramatist, born 1670. The immoral tone of his comedies drew on him the censure of Jeremy Collier, the zealous reformer of the stage. Congreve made a good fortune, but despised the profession in which he had been so successful. He died 1729. Voltaire said that Congreve had raised the glory of English comedy to a greater height than any dramatist who had preceded him.

[5] Pope alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood.
George Farquhar, born 1678, died 1707. His comedies were witty but very indelicate.

[6] Sir John Vanbrugh, died 1726. He was a witty but immoral dramatist.

[7] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, authoress of several obscene plays, &c.—*Pope.*

Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause![1]
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or fails away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonoured crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke.
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords;
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes!)
The play stands still; d—— action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.[3]
With laughter sure Democritus[4] had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!

---

[1] William Pinkethman, a comedian.

[2] From plays to operas, and from operas to pantomimes.—*Warburton.*

[3] The coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the play-houses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a coronation. In this noble contention, the armour of one of the kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the champion.—*Pope.*

[4] The Greek laughing philosopher.

Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,[1]
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;[2]
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestowed,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
Cato's long wig, flow'red gown, and laquered chair.

Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favor of the great;
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense, than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,[3]
When Merlin's cave is half unfinished yet?[4]

My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season, when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;

---

[1] The farthest northern promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades.—*Pope.*

[2] Quin and Oldfield were a celebrated actor and actress.

[3] The Palatine Library then building by Augustus.—*Pope.*

[4] A building in the royal gardens at Richmond, where is a small, but choice collection of books.—*Pope.*

Repeat unasked; lament, the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most, when straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And from that moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or pension from the crown;
Or dubbed historians, by express command,
To enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be called to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think, what poet best may make them known?
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureate's weighty place.[1]

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;[2]
And great Nassau to Kneller's[3] hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judged of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pensioned Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swelled on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polished verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,

---

[1] It became a fashion to laugh at Cibber. Even Dr. Johnson wrote the following severe epigram on the subject, equally severe on the king, George II,:

"Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolonges Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature formed the poet for the king"

[2] Bernini, the famous sculptor, was employed to make a bust of Charles I. It is reported that when the king's picture was shown to him, for the purpose of his taking the likeness, he said that the lines in it foreboded a dismal fate to the sovereign.

[3] William III. Sir Godfrey Kneller was a great favourite of his. This painter was born 1648, died 1723. He was remarkable for vanity; but was a good artist.

And nations wondered while they dropped the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
'Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile ecomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise:"
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

THE SECOND EPISTLE OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—Hor., ver. 124.

Dear colonel,[1] Cobham's and you country's friend!
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows and begins—"This lad, sir, is of Blois:[2]
Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curled!
My only son, I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.

[1] Colonel Cotterell, of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles I., translated *Davila* into English.—*Warton.*

[2] A town in Beance, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.—*Warburton.*

Sir, he's your slave for twenty pounds a year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:
A perfect genius at an op'ra-song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Though faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipped, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?
Faith, in such case, if you should persecute,
I think Sir Godfrey[1] should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punished him that put it in his way?
Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws, to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time?
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and old
Had dearly earned a little purse of gold;
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger joined
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leaped the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well;" his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside
Next pleased his excellence a town to batter:
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
"Go on, my friend (he cried), see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."

[1] An eminent justice of peace who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha.—*Pope.*
Sir Godfrey Kneller.—*Warburton.*

Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble gen'ral, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I began
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.[1]
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's[2] learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well.
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,[3]
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious papists failed,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm prevailed,
For right hereditary taxed and fined,
He[4] stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the muses helped to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But (thanks to Homer)[5] since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,[6]
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
Years following years, steal something every day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turned ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;

---

[1] Homer. Achilles was Peleus' son.

[2] He had a partiality for Magdalen College where he used to stay with his friend Mr. Digby.—*Warton.*

[3] Pope alludes to the unjust laws against Papists; especially to the orders issued by government for the removal of Roman Catholics to a certain distance from London.

[4] Pope's father.

[5] Pope made a competence by his translation of Homer.

[6] Dr. Monroe, physician to Bedlam Hospital.—*Warburton.*

The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf[1] detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed;
A poet begs me, I will hear him read;
"In palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury Square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one."—
"Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite so well however as one ought;
A hackney coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Even to their own S-r-v—nce in a car?
Go lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and dose at Tooting or Earl's Court,[2]
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? How match the bards whom none e'er matched before?
The man, who, stretched in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strewed with learned dust, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stepped from his pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart?

[1] Two celebrated gluttons.—*Warburton.*
[2] Two villages within a few miles of London.—*Pope.*

The Temple late two brother sergeants saw,
Who deemed each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls
One lulled the exchequer, and one stunned the rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
"'Twas, sir, your law"—and "sir, your eloquence—"
"Yours, Cowper's manner"—and "yours, Talbot's sense."
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave,[1] to see
No poets there, but Stephen,[2] you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough,
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue:
Each praised within, is happy all day long;
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men, who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay though a Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;

[1] See note, p. 308.

[2] Mr. Stephen Duck, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many, who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope.—*Warburton.*

Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
(For use will father what's begot by sense)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:
"But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance."
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleased, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the House was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answered, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him, the d——d doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they cupped, they purged; in short, they cured.
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My friends?" he cried, "pox take you for your care
That from a patriot of distinguished note,
Have bled and purged me to a single vote."
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate;
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I learn to smooth and harmonise my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropped before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde Park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart.
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want; why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease?
The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
When golden angels[1] cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil,
When servile chaplains cry,[2] that birth and place
Endue a peer with honor, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty Duke! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D——[3] loved sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-Court,[4] if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town:
His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote[5] himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,

---

[1] A golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the evil.—*Bowles.*

[2] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of Mr., afterwards Bishop Kennet, to the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he was chaplain. —*Warburton.*

[3] Devonshire.—*Bennet.*

[4] A farm over against Hampton Court.—*Warburton.*

[5] Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

Abhor, a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vast possesions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase)
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,[1]
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and thank heaven there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips,[2] and all Grosvenor's mines:
Why one like Bubb[3] with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in court and Parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe,[4] from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of nature, who, within us still,
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,

---

[1] Saperton, Lord Bathurst's place was near the Cotswald hills: his favourite passion is alluded to in "Link towns to towns with avenues of oak."—*Bennet.*

[2] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second. When he retired from business he amused himself with cultivating turnips.—*Warburton.*

[3] Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe.

[4] General Oglethorpe was a distinguished soldier who served under Prince Eugene against the Turks; but the benevolence which induced him to found and settle the colony in Georgia gives greater lustre than military exploits to his character.

Each individual: His great end the same.
Yes, sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place;
But sure no statute in his favor says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
I, who at some time spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care,
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed the treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad: the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts awaw,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've played, and loved, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

1738.

The following words of Quintilian might not be an improper motto for these dialogues: "Ingenii plurimum est in eo, et acerbitas mira, et urbanitas, et vis summa; sed plus stomacho quam consilio dedit. Præterea ut amari sales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipsa ridicula est."

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth[1] you appear in print,
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories called him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."
But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes,[2] he lashed no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
Blunt could do business, Huggins[3] knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend bishops note some small neglects,
And own, the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropped our ears,[4] and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between

---

[1] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole poem: being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent censurer—

"'Tis all from Horace," &c.—*Pope.*

[2] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation.—*Pope.*

[3] Formerly jailor of the Fleet Prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled.—*Pope.*

[4] Said to be executed by the captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins, a captain of an English one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the king his master.—*Pope.*

His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.[1]
But 'faith your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are,[2] who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man[3] never offered you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—[4]

P. See Sir Robert!—hum
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social pleasure,[5] ill exchanged for power;
Seen him, encumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.[6]
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyl,[7] or some odd old Whig
Who never changed his principle, or wig:
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the man, so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"
Why, answer, Lyttleton,[8] and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage;

---

[1] "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit."—*Pers.*

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power. —*Pope.*

[2] This appellation was generally given to those in opposition to the court. Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views too mean and interested to deserve that name.—*Pope.*

[3] A phrase by common use appropriated to the first minister.—*Pope.*

[4] Sir Robert Walpole.

[5] Sir Robert Walpole was in private life very pleasant and agreeable. See the "Memoirs" of the Pope for his cause of gratitude to Sir R. Walpole.

[6] That "every man had his price."

[7] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of one who bestowed it equally upon religion and honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this poem.—*Pope.*

[8] George Lyttleton, secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty.—*Pope.*

But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey,[1] hurt not honest Fleury,[2]
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue, balance all agen
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters, that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborne's[3] wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Yonge![4]
The gracious dew[5] of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipped cream of courtly sense,
That first was H——vy's, F——'s[6] next and then
The S——te's, and then H——vy's once again.
O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton[7] and Bland,[8]
All boys may read, and girls may understand![9]
Then might I sing, without the least offence,

---

[1] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other, of Henry VIII. The writers against the court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. ii. ver. 137.—*Pope.*

[2] Cardinal; and minister to Louis XV. It was a patriot fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty.—*Pope.*

[3] See them in their places in the "Dunciad."—*Pope.*

[4] Bubo—Bubb Doddington—Sir William Yonge.—*Bowles.*

[5] Alludes to some court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author.—*Pope.*

[6] Foxe.

[7] Dr. Conyers Middleton wrote the "Life of Cicero," for which he obtained a great sum of money. He was a friend of Lord Hervey, Pope's foe.

[8] Dr. Bland was Master of Eton, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole's.

[9] Full of school phrases and Anglicisms.—*Warburton.*

And all I sung should be the nation's sense ;[1]
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's[2] urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts performed, and *all* her children blest![3]
So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a' God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flattered in his grave.

F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace :
For merit will by turns forsake them all ;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal Selkirk,[4] and grave De——re,
Silent and soft, as saints remove to heaven,
All ties dissolved and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lulled with the sweet nepenthe of a court ;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place :
But passed the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes ;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job. [glory,

P. Good heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory, [vext,
And, when three sovereigns died, could scarce be
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings ;
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?

---

[1] A cant term of politics at the time.—*Warburton.*

[2] Queen Consort to King George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.—*Pope.*

[3] This was bitter sarcasm. Caroline hated Frederick Prince of Wales, and refused to see him on her deathbed.

[4] A title given that lord by King James II. He was of the bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I.; he was so to King George II. This lord was very skilful in all the forms of the house, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, created Earl Selkirk, 1687.

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich[1] out-w—— a duke?
A favourite's porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statseman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like kings?
If Blount[2] dispatched himself, he played the man,
And so mayest thou, illustrious Passeran![3]
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?[4]
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care;
This calls the Church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.[5]
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;[6]
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,[7]
Outdo Landaff[8] in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen,[9] with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may choose the high or low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same, beloved, contented thing.

---

[1] Two players; look for them in the "Dunciad."—*Pope.*

[2] Author of an impious and foolish book called "The Oracles of Reason," who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.—*Pope.*

He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, and the author of an infidel treatise, &c.—*Warton.*

[3] Author of another book of the same stamp, called "A Philosophical Discourse on Death," being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties. This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

[4] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors.—*Pope.*

[5] The use of gin was restrained by act of Parliament 1736.

[6] An eloquent and persuasive preacher, who wrote an excellent defence of Christianity against Tindal.—*Warton.*

[7] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time.—*Warton.*

[8] The bishop of Llandaff at this time was Dr. Matthias Mawson, Master also of Benet College, Cambridge.

[9] Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, Pope's great friend and correspondent.

Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a w——;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more;
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragged in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That not to be corrupted is the shame.
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a w——,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore;
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law;
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villany."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

1738.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton[1] (sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.

[1] Late Solicitor to the Treasury.—*Warburton.*

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine![1]
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Even Guthry[2] saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person and expose the vice.

P. How, sir? not damn the sharper, but the dice?
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen vile, in army, court, or hall, [Who?
Ye reverend Atheists— *F.* Scandal! name them!

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do,
Who starved a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never named; the town's inquiring yet. [You do!
The pois'ning dame— *F.* You mean— *P.* I don't. *F.*

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman— *F.* Hold, too high you go.

P. The bribed elector— *F.* There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?[3]
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? no: his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not a tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoiled,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;[4]

---

[1] This poem being written in 1738.

[2] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the memoirs of the malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.—*Pope.*

[3] Alluding to the old game laws.

[4] Jonathan Wild, a famous thief, and thief impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged.—*Pope.*

Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'en there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hanged ten years ago:
Who now that obsolete example fears?
Even Peter trembles only for his ears.[1]
F. What? always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As Selkirk, if he lives, will love the Prince.
F. Strange spleen to Selkirk!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough[2] name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove[3]
(Where Kent[4] and nature vie for Pelham's love)

---

[1] Peter [Walter] had, the year before this narrowly escaped the pillory for forgery: and got off with a severe rebuke from the bench.—*Pope.*

[2] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties.—*Pope.*

[3] The house and gardens of Esher in Surrey, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his character than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs.—*Pope.*

[4] Kent has been called the creator of English landscape gardening. He was originally a coach painter, but through Lord Burlington obtained employment as an architect and painter. It is however to his landscape gardening Pope alludes, and compliments him by saying "Kent and Nature," as if they were synonymous terms.

The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs[1] anew!
Even in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker[2] is decent, Rundel has a heart,
Manners with candour are to Benson given,
To Berkeley,[3] every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers[4] once, and Halifax,[5] were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury,[6] the wise and great
Carleton's[7] calm sense, and Stanhope's[8] noble flame,
Compared, and knew their gen'rous end the same;
How pleasing Atterbury's[9] softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquered in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney,[10] Chesterfield[11] forget,

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[1] See notes at pp. 262, 294.

[2] Secker was Archbishop of Canterbury, Rundel bishop of Derry.—See Swift's poem on him. Benson was bishop of Gloucester.

[3] Dr. Berkeley was good, gentle, and every way excellent; but had a craze that matter had no existence except in idea. It is of him the story is told that Swift seeing him standing at his hall door in a heavy shower, did not open it, but requested the bishop to come through it, as it did not really exist!

[4] John Lord Somers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt minister; who, to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of learning and politeness.—*Pope.* "One of those divine men," says Lord Orford, "who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned while all the rest is tyranny, corruption and folly."

[5] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Queen Anne's ministry.—*Pope.*

[6] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718.—*Pope.*

[7] Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle), who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Queen Anne.—*Pope.*

[8] James Earl Stanhope. A nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State.—*Pope.*

[9] Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. He had few equals as a preacher, and was a man of great virtue and brilliant talents. In 1722 he was committed to the Tower on a charge of being engaged in a plot to restore the family of James II. to the throne. He was Pope's great friend, and in private life was charming, being a tender father and warm friend. He was banished for life, and died at Paris, 1732, but his remains have a place in Westminster Abbey.

[10] William Pulteney afterwards Earl of Bath.

[11] Philip Earl of Chesterfield, a great statesman and wit. His "Letters to his Son," are well known.

While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit:
Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham,[1] just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names, which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Ranked with their friends, not numbered with their train;
And if yet higher the proud list should end,[2]
Still let me say: "No follower, but a friend."
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow virtue; where she shines, I praise:
Point she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.[3]
Some, in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son,
Each widow asks it for the "best of men,"
For him she weeps, and him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground;
The number may be hanged, but not be crowned.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wished, but wished in vain.
No pow'r the muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when virtue claims it, can withstand:

---

[1] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper.—*Pope.*

[2] He was at this time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.—*Warburton.*

[3] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in 1738, eminent for his virtues and public spirit. In 1747, the City of London erected a statue of him, in memory of the benefits conferred by him on London. Cf. ante, Bk. I. Ep. ii. ver. 85.

To Cato, Virgil payed one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine! [no sin;
—What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith the thought's
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall![1] aid me while I lie.
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth[2] is a slave,
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave.
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.[3]
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?
What? shall each spur-galled hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pensioned sycophant, pretend
To break my windows, if I treat a friend?[4]
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchet's lead.
It angered Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kicked that took his pay:
But when he heard the affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent gen'ral turned it to a jest,
And begged he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do— [you?
F. Hold, sir! for God's sake where's th' affront to

---

[1] Look for him in his place.—"Dunc." Bk. II. ver. 315.—*Pope.*

[2] The Hon. Hugh Hume, son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of liberty.—*Pope.*

[3] The exact reverse was the case of course.

[4] This was done one day when Lords Bolingbroke and Bathurst were dining with him at Twickenham.—*Warton.*

Against your worship when had Sherlock writ?
Or Page pour forth the torrent of his wit?[1]
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend[2]
[In power a servant, out of power a friend]
To Walpole guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropt the crown,[3]
How hurt he you? he only stained the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth[4] offend,[5]
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrowed, could not be to blame,
Since the whole house did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the house.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—
P. So does flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres[6] scarce could write or read,
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?

---

[1] Judge Page, said to be a harsh judge.

[2] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W.—*Pope.* Lord Melcomb was the author of this line in a poem to Sir R. Walpole.—*Warton.*

[3] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests.—*Pope.* Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.—*Warton.*

[4] Lord Hervey, alluding to his painting his face.—*Bowles.*

[5] This seems to allude to a complaint made ver. 71 of the preceding Dialogue.—*Pope.*

[6] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.—*Pope.*

No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
The affront is mine my friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a foe professed to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone.
Oh sacred weapon! left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands denied
The muse may give thee, but the gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,
To rouse the watchman of the public weal;
To virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs[1] o'er the eye of day!
The muse's wings shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings.
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.
When black ambition stains a public cause,[2]
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,

[1] Weak and slight sophisms against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun.—*Pope.*

[2] The cause of Cromwell in the civil war of England; (ver. 229) and of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.—*Pope.* Waller wrote a "Panegyric to my Lord Protector."

Nor Boileau turn the feather to a star.[1]
Not so, when diademed with rays divine,
Touched with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis[2] casts into the grave;
Far other stars than Kent and Grafton wear,
And may descend to Mordington[3] from Stair:[4]
(Such as on Hough's[5] unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let envy howl, while heav'n's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferred by kings;
Let flatt'ry sickening see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line.
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more essays on man.[6]

---

[1] See his "Ode on Namur;" where (to use his own words) "il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espèce de Comète, fatale à nos ennemis."—*Pope.*

[2] The chief Herald-at-arms. It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour.—*Pope.*

[3] I have some notion Lord Mordington kept a gaming house—*Bennet.*

[4] John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thistle: served in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as ambassador in France.—*Pope.*

[5] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that king. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue.—*Pope.*

[6] Ver. 255 in the MS. —

Quit, quit these themes, and write essays on man.

This was the last poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of protest against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.—*Pope.*

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER.[1]

Such were the notes thy once loved poet sung,[2]
Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admired and mourned!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned!
Blessed in each science, blessed in every strain!
Dear to the muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear);
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days;
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

---

[1] Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, was born 1661, died 1724. He was the distinguished minister of the last days of Queen Anne. To Lord Oxford we are indebted for forming the splendid collection known as the "Harleian MSS." They contain information on nearly every subject, and were much referred to by Macaulay in his "History of England." Lord Oxford was a great patron of literary men. He was impeached for treason by the Whigs in 1715 and committed to the Tower; but the Commons refused to prosecute, and he was released.

[2] This epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's poems published by our author, after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.—*Pope.*

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Even now, she shades thy evening walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Even now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.[1]

EPISTLE TO JAMES CRAGGS[2] ESQ.,

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide,
Which nor to guilt nor fear, its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.
All this thou wert, and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed,—a minister, but still a man.
Be not, exalted to whate'er degree,
Ashamed of any friend, not even of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.[3]

---

[1] Every word of this eulogy was deserved.

[2] James Craggs was made Secretary of War in 1717, when the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Addison were appointed Secretaries of State. He was deeply implicated in the South Sea Scheme.—*Bowles.*

[3] The following dialogue is printed by Bowles at the end of this Epistle,

1717.

Pope.—Since my old friend is grown so great
As to be Minister of State,

EPISTLE TO MR. JARVIS.[1]

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the coloured mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;
And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mixed our studies, and so joined our name:
Like them to shine through long-succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came.[2]
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away;
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art;
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend.

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's[3] monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,

I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

Craggs.—Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

[1] This epistle, and the two following, were written some years before the rest and originally printed in 1717.—*Pope.*
Jervas owed much of his reputation to this Epistle.—*Warton.*

[2] Pope was a good painter; a portrait by his hand is in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle.—See *Life.*

[3] Raphael Urbino, born 1483, died 1520, a great Italian painter.

Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While fancy brings the vanished piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew;
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;[1]
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy loved Guido's[2] air,
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finished with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polished gem, the work of years![3]
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless dreams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow:
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's[4] eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead:
Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame informed with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that bids mankind adore;
Then view this marble and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.[5]
Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,[6]

---

[1] Jervas was sent to Rome at the expense of Dr. Clarke, M.P. for the university of Oxford.

[2] Guido, Caracci, Correggio, Paulo, Titian. Reni Guido, born 1575, died 1642, a great Italian painter; his best work is "the Penitence of St. Peter after denying Christ." His female heads are very lovely. The Caracci, or as more commonly spelt Carracci, were famous painters. Luigi, probably here alluded to, was the founder of a famous school of painting at Bologna. He was noted for strength and simplicity of style. Boru 1555, died 1619. Augustin and Annibal were also celebrated painters. Correggio was born 1494, died 1534. A very great Italian painter, never excelled in the delicacy of his flesh colouring, Paulo Veronese, born at Verona 1530, died 1588. Titian, born 1477. died 1576. The great master of colour.

[3] Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.—*Pope.*

[4] The beautiful Lady Bridgewater. Jervas was in love with her.

[5] Lady Bridgewater had been painted by Jervas.

[6] "Churchill's race" were the four beautiful daughters of John, the great Duke of Marlborough; Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough; Anne, Countess of Sunderland;

And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;[1]
Each pleasing Blount[2] shall endless smiles bestow.
And soft Belinda's[3] blush for ever glow.
Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finished more through happiness than pains.
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire;
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the graces all thy figures place,
And breath an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Mira die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preservest a face, and I a name.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT,[4]

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.[5]

In these gay thoughts the loves and graces shine,
And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater; and Mary, Duchess of Montagu. Lady Bridgewater, whom Jervas affected to be in love with, and who amused herself at his expense, was the most beautiful of the four sisters. She died (aged 27) in March 1713 or 1714. In 1720 her husband was created Duke of Bridgewater.—*Bowles.*

[1] Frances Lady Worsley, wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart., mother of Lady Carteret, wife of John Lord Carteret, afterward Earl Granville.—*Warton.*

[2] Teresa and Martha Blount, the dear friends of the poet.

[3] Mrs. Arabella Fermor.

[4] Teresa and Martha Blount were the sisters of Pope's great friend Edward Blount, an excellent young man, of the same religion as the poet, and faithful to the cause of the Stuarts. They lived at Maple-Durham, near Reading, Berks. The sisters described as

"Fair-haired Martha and Teresa brown,"

were both great favourites of Pope's. He is said to have been in love at first with Teresa; but as she rejected him he transferred his affections to the sister who appeared really to love him, to Martha Blount

[5] Volture was an elegant French writer, born 1598, died 1648. He wrote witty poems and letters.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleased the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred;
His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,
His time, the muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle, Life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
E'en rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourned before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex is by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame,
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place.
Well might you wish for change by those accurst;
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, or empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.

But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's[1] early care still shone the same,
And Montausier[2] was only changed in name:
By this, even now they live, even now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crowned with myrtle, on the Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes of France inspires his muse:
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis the author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

---

[1] Mademoiselle Paulet.—*Pope.*

[2] Madame de Montausier, wife of the Duke de Montausier, was the beautiful daughter of Madame de Ramboüillet, whose *salons* were so celebrated in France. Voiture was one of her intimate friends, and presided at these literary reunions, where the wits of the age assembled.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.[1]

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh:
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda[2] flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
She sighed not that they stayed, but that she went.

She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea;
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some squire, perhaps you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whisk,[3] whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—"No words!"
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table,
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jest are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.[4]

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade:
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on ev'ry green;

---

[1] Of King George the First, 1715.

[2] The assumed name of Theresa Blount, under which she corresponded for many years with the Mr. Moore of the Dunciad, under the feigned name of Alexis. Martha was called Parthenia.—*Bowles.*

[3] Whist.

[4] See Locksley Hall.

Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and gartered knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades you closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight
Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

EPITAPHS.

His saltum accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere! *Virg. Æn.* VII. VV. 885, 6.

I.—ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET.

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX (1706).

Dorset, the grace of the courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay;
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touched the mean so true,
And show'd, vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

II.—ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III.

Who having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthampsted in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent: constant, yet resigned:
Honour unchanged, a principle profest,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Filled with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;

A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

III.—ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT;

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.—ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS.
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end;
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved;
Praised, wept, and honoured, by the muse he loved.

V.—INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.[1]

II.

ON ROWE.

He altered it much for the better as it now stands in the abbey on the monument erected to Rowe and his daughter.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honoured bust.
Oh, next him, skilled to draw the tender tear
For never heart felt passion more sincere,
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest.
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our seal removed
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

To these so mourned in death, so loved in life
The childless parent and the widowed wife
With tears inscribes this monumental stone
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

---

[1] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this epitaph,

This Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once. The rest who does not know?

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of the great poet.

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.—*Pope.*

VI.—ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

VII.—ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY.

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, THE LORD DIGBY,

In the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth.
Composed in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for heav'n's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Mortal to Divine.
And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,[1]
Pensive hast followed to the silent tomb,
Steered the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

[1] Mr. Digby died of consumption, and was followed by the affectionate sister who had hung over his sick bed.—*Bowles.*

Yet take these tears, morality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive:
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

VIII.—ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.[1]

KNELLER, by heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatched from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crowned with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.

IX.—ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approved!
O soft humanity, in age beloved!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leaves some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

---

[1] Pope had made Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his death-bed, a promise to write his epitaph, which he seems to have performed with reluctance. He thought it "the worst thing he ever wrote in his life. (*Spence.*)—*Roscoe.*

X.—ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,[1]

AT EASTHAMSTEAD IN BERKS, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet, blessed beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learnèd ease,
Content with science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

XI.—ON MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affection mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

ANOTHER.

Well then poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack;
So little justice here he found
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

[1] A poet of no mean acquirements; he translated part of the Odyssey for Pope, who only did the first twelve books himself.

XII.—INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" [1] and all was light.

XIII.—ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in exile at Paris, 1732, (his only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.)

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have lived—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we loved, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes— Save my country, Heaven!
He said, and died.

XIV.—ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

IF modest youth, with cool reflection crowned,
And every op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,

[1] He was born on the very day that Galileo died.

Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not asked thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

XV.—FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.[1]

Heroes, and kings! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
What they say, or may say of the mortal within:
But, who living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH.

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil:
The rest God knows— so does the devil.

---

[1] Now on Pope's monument in Twickenham church.

[2] This epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, was printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth's edition, vol. iv.

Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shake

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

PERHAPS BY POPE.

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villiers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen
This pyramid would better far proclaim,
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

---

speare in Westminster Abbey, has shewn his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of 'the cloud capt towers, &c.'

> 'Thus Britain loved me: and preserved my fame,
> Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name.'

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents: though in the fourth book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous stroke at him:

> 'So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
> A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.'

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

1703.

I.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
  And sweep the sounding lyre!
  In a sadly-pleasing strain
  Let the warbling lute complain:
    Let the loud trumpet sound,
    Till the roofs all around
    The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
  Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
  Gently steal upon the ear;
  Now louder, and yet louder rise
  And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats,
  Till, by degrees, remote and small,
    The strains decay,
    And melt away,
  In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
  Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
  Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
  Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;

Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.[1]

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel[2] dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,[3]
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,[4]
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

---

[1] Dr. Greene set this ode to music in 1730, as an exercise for his doctor's degree at Cambridge, on which occasion Pope added the following stanza at line 35.

> Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
> And softened mortals learned the arts of peace
> Amphion taught contending kings
> From various discords to create,
> The music of a well tuned state;
> Nor slack nor strain the tender strings,
> Those useful touches to impart
> That strike the subject's answering heart,
> And the soft silent harmony that springs
> From sacred union and consent of things.

and he made another alteration at the same time, in stanza 4, v. 51, and wrote it thus:

> Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost;
> The adamantine gates were barred,
> And nought was seen and nought was heard
> Around the dreary coast;
> But dreadful gleams, &c.—*Warton.*

[2] The Argo in which Jason and the Argonauts sailed to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

[3] Orpheus.

[4] Few images in any poet, ancient or modern, are more striking than that in Apollonius, where he says, that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might show the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts. Apollonius Rhodias. Lib. 1.—*Warton.*

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon[1] surrounds,
Love, strong as Death, the poet[2] led
To the pale nations of the dead,[3]
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,[4]
Ixion rests upon his wheel,[5]
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds, [heads.
And snakes uncurled hang list'ning round their

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;

---

[1] Phlegethon, a river of Tartarus.

[2] See the "Divine Legation," Book 2, where Orpheus is considered as a philosopher, a legislator, and a mystic.—*Warton.*

[3] The fable is that Orpheus, led by "Love strong as death," descended to Tartarus to beg that the Infernal God and Goddess would permit his dead wife, Eurydice (who had died of snake-bite) to return to earth with him. Won by his divine music they assented, on condition that he did not turn round to look at her till they reached the upper air. But alas! in his tender impatience, Orpheus cast a glance back, and she was instantly borne away. Very ancient hymns, ascribed to Orpheus (but not his), remain, Warton tells us, "certainly older than the expedition of Xerxes against Greece."

[4] Sisyphus was doomed to roll a huge stone up to a hill-top of Tartarus, but when the summit was nearly gained it invariably fell back headlong to the plain; thus his efforts were always in vain.

[5] Ixion was fastened to a wheel which incessantly revolved.

By the hero's armèd shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths who died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,[1]
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx[2] nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters[3] move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus[4] wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost.
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' [cries—[5]
Ah see, he dies!

[1] The myrtle was sacred to Venus. [2] A river of Hell.
[3] The Fates Atropos, Clotho, and Lachesis. [4] A river of Thrace.
[5] The women of Thrace enraged at Orpheus's neglect of them and under the influence of the rites of Bacchus, stoned him to death, and threw his head and legs into the river Hebrus.

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.[1]

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the muses, shades.

[1] Altered from Shakespeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh, heav'n-born sisters![1] source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth, and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will you bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps even Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore,
See arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh, cursed effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learned, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

---

desire these two choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham House.—*Pope.*

[1] The muses.

Love, soft intruder, enters here,
And ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.[1]
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny:
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;

[1] Because Marcus loved the wife of Cassius, according to Buckingham's play.

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.[1]

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

---

[1] This was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old.—*Pope.*

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.[1]

I.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame?
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount? I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?[2]

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED SUCCESSIO.

Begone, ye critics, and restrain your spite,
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write,
The heaviest muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;

[1] This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul.—*Warburton.*

[2] This ode was written by the desire of Steele, and Pope says in a letter to him, "You have it as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning: yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration but that I had in my head not only the verses of Hadrian but the fine fragment of Sappho."

What though no bees around your cradle flew,[1]
Nor on your lips distilled their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discovered in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzzed about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.
Wit passed through thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a different name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou mayst rise, and in thy daring flight
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height.
So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs move nimbly through the sky.
Sure Bavius[2] copied Mævius[3] to the full,
And Chærilus[4] taught Codrus[5] to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a dull succession to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

[*From the Letters.*]

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses, from his native coasts
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tossed,
Arrived at last, poor, old, disguised, alone,
To all his friends and even his Queen unknown;
Changed as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrowed his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forced to ask his bread,
Scorned by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhoused, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashiered, he lay;

---

[1] An allusion to the tradition about Plato.

[2] and [3] Two stupid and malevolent poets in the age of Augustus, who attacked the fame of superior writers.

[4] Supposed to mean Shadwell. [5] Probably Cibber.

Touched with resentment of ungrateful man,
Aud longing to behold his ancient lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawled to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawned, and kissed his feet,
Seized with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Owned his returning lord, looked up, and died!

TO HENRY CROMWELL, ESQ.

1708.

This letter greets you from the shades;
(Not those which their unbodied shadows fill
That glide along th' Elysian glades,
Or skim the flow'ry meads of Asphodel;)
But those in which a learned author said
Strong drink was drunk and gambols played
And two substantial meals a-day were made.
The business of it is t' express,
From me and from my holiness,
To you and to your gentleness,
How much I wish you health and happiness;
And much good news, and little spleen as may be,
A hearty stomach and fair lady,
And ev'ry day a double dose of coffee,
To make you look as sage as any Sophi.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.

Dear, droll, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips and fat Johnson.[1]

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;[2]
My vixen mistress[3] squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage:
And Homer—d——— him—calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one muse of all he fed
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betrayed:
Poor Y———r's sold for fifty pounds,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek.

* * * *

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for other ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,[4]
And frolic with my foes.

---

[1] Johnson was probably the friend of Wilkes: he wrote sixteen very inferior plays.

[2] Whigs and Jacobites. [3] Teresa Blount, Bowles thinks.

[4] Pope is said to have fallen asleep at his own table when the Prince of Wales was in company.—*Bowles.*

Luxurious lobster-nights farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.[1]

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the tallier[2] come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored Alpeu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feigned sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune crossed;
One, one bad deal, three Septlevas have lost.

---

[1] There were six town eclogues, one written, it is believed, by Pope, five by Lady Mary W. Montagu.—*Warton.* Only this of all the town eclogues was Mr. Pope's; and is here printed from a copy corrected by his own hand.—The humour of it consists in this, that the one is in love with the game, and the other with the sharper.—*Warburton.*

[2] One who keeps tally,

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone;
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare;
The Knave of Clubs thrice lost: Oh who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very *a propos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know;
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has tried;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.
See, on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown;

Hazardia blushed, and turned her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
The snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine;
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won Sonica, which I had chose;
And, the next pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashioned, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduced her to the park and plays;
And, by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more?
I knew the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived?
How many cursed the moment they believed?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be formed,
To gaze on basset, and remain unwarmed?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank:
Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank,
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaux lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
"He loves,"—I whisper to myself, "He loves!"
Such unfeigned passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast:
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's,[1] battered bullies play,
Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away.
But who the bowl or rattling dice compares
To basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau:
Prudina like a man, and laughs at show.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footmen, as the master sweet.

[1] At the palace.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side:
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.[1]

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared:
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

[1] Daughter of the Duke of Kingston, born 1690: a woman of great genius, but very eccentric. Her letters equal Madame de Sevigné's; she lived to a great age, chiefly abroad. She had married Mr. Montagu, and accompanied him on his Embassy to Constantinople; after his recall she lived at Twickenham. Lady Mary introduced innoculation into England. Her daughter married Lord Bute, the favourite minister of George III.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robbed the whole tree?

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES, ON THE PICTURE OF LADY MARY W. MONTAGU.

BY KNELLER. FROM DALLAWAY'S LIFE OF LADY M. W. M.

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth;
So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;)
The equal lustre of the heavanly mind
Where ev'ry grace with ev'ry virtue's joined;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the work divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

EPIGRAM.

FROM A LETTER TO A LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Mesalam, terra dum sequiturque mari.

Here stopt by hasty death Alexis lies,
Who crost half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.[1]

I know the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says,) sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

TO MR. GAY,[2]

WHO CONGRATULATED HIM ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.

Ah, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain, my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the checkered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

---

[1] Mrs. Howard, bedchamber woman to Queen Caroline. George II. created her Countess of Suffolk.

[2] John Gay, born 1688, died 1732. His "Beggar's Opera" was the first ballad opera ever produced. He was the friend of all the poets and wits of the time, and was a most amiable man. His "Fables" are well known.

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.[1]

FIRST PUBLISHED IN POPE AND SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES.

Grown old in rhyme 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men;
But your damned poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will.
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorned to borrow from the wits of yore;
But ever writ as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws;
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damned to get his living.

---

[1] Thomas D'Urfey, a comic poet of the time of Charles II., who used to lean on his shoulder, and hum the tunes of his songs. He was born 1628, and died in London in 1723.

A PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE,

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that nero,[1] who in each campaign,
Had braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain.
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe:
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who clubbed his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When pressed by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warred with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desp'rate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn:
If there's a critic of distinguished rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

MACER:[2] A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.

[1] Belisarius, the general of Justinian. In 533 he took Carthage, and made the king of the Vandals prisoner. Belig accused afterwards of joining in a conspiracy against the Emperor, his estates were confiscated, and he was reduced to beggary. The tradition that his eyes were put out was not correct.

[2] Supposed to be James Moore Smyth, author of the "Rival Modes,"

Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these he ventured on the town,
And with a borrowed play out-did poor Crown.
There he stopped short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decayed,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrowed pins, and patches not her own:
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a battered Harridan.
Now nothing left, but withered, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM POWDER.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

---

see Dunciad. But Bowles thinks it might have been meant for Philips, who was devoted to Steele, and whose "Distressed Mother" was taken from the French of Racine.

The learned themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly termed a glow-worm:

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions:
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employed,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch Lane,
Who settest our entrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Even Button's[1] wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

---

[1] The club in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Swift, Gay, Pope, and Addison, &c., met. Button had been a butler of Lady Warwick's, Addison's wife.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY [1]

With scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming Gumley's lost in Pulteney's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire, renowned in glass,[2] produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

LINES SUNG BY DURASTANTI [3] WHEN SHE TOOK LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR. POPE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Adieu, happy soil, adieu.

---

[1] Anna Maria Gumley, daughter of John Gumley of Isleworth, was married to Pulteney, who received with her a large fortune.—*Bowles.*

[2] Her father made his fortune from a glass manufactory.—*Bowles.*

[3] She was brought to England by Handel, to sing at the opera, 1721, and was so great a favourite at Court, that the king stood godfather to one of her children.—*Bowles.*

Let old charmers yield to new;
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars forever ceasing,
But let old charmers yield to new:—
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

ON MRS. TOFTS.[1]

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

[1] This epigram is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins, in his History of Music. She (Mrs. Tofts) was daughter of a person in Bishop Burnet's family. She lived during the introduction of opera into this country, and sang with Nicolini, but as she knew no Italian she sang in English, and he in his own language. She was very proud and covetous.—From *Johnson*.

ON HIS GROTTO[1] AT TWICKENHAM.

COMPOSED OF MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great Nature studiously behold;
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! Lo! the Egerian grot,
Where, nobly-pensive, St. John[2] sate and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham[3] stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

EPIGRAM.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come,
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

[*From the Miscellany.*]

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHILSEA.

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN-WITS, IN THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doomed the fall of every female wit;
But doomed it then, when first Ardelia writ.

[1] The improving and finishing his grotto was the delight of his declining years.—*Warburton.*
[2] Lord Bolingbroke.
[3] Sir William Wyndham, a most noble and excellent man.

Of all examples by the world confessed,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay:
Even while you write you take that praise away;
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MISS HOWE.[1]

WHAT IS PRUDERY?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows.[2]
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature:
Lean and fretful, would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

[*From the Miscellany.*]

UMBRA.[3]

CLOSE to the best known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to all Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "Only Johnson,"—
"Oh!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:

---

[1] One of the maids of honour to Queen Caroline.

[2] Miss Meadows was remarkable, like Miss Lepell and Miss Bellenden, for her amiable character. They were maids of honour to Queen Caroline. Miss Lepell afterwards married Lord Hervey. Gay called her, "Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell."

[3] Supposed to be J. Moore Smyth, whom he describes as a shadow in the "Dunciad."

"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go;"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra left in this abandoned pickle,
E'en sets him down, and writes to honest Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

Un jour, dit un auteur, etc.

Once (says an author, where, I need not say)
Two trav'llers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong;
While scale in hand Dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
"There, take," (says Justice), "take ye each a *shell*.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu."

THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD.

To the tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c. By Dorset

1717.

I.

To one fair lady out of court,
And two fair ladies in,

Who think the Turk[1] and Pope[2] a sport,
And wit and love no sin!
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden,[3] Lepell,[4] and Griffin.[5]
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And ev'ry speech with "zounds" end;
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.[6]
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows[7] run to sermons;
To Court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlborough stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn,
From Court, than Gay or me:

[1] Ulrick, the little Turk, one of the Turks who came to England with George I.
[2] The author.
[3] Mary, the youngest daughter of the second Lord Bellenden, afterwards married to the Duke of Argyle.
[4] See previous note. [5] Another maid of honour. [6] Ireland.
[7] See previous note.

Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
(A milliner I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of me.
With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,[1]
And sometimes Mrs. Howard;
For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God send the king safe landing;[2]
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT ON HER BIRTHDAY.

1723.

Oh! be thou blest with all that heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:

[1] Lady Rich was Miss Griffin's sister and a correspondent of Lady M. W. Montagu.
[2] He had been to Hanover.

Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years if life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birthday? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

LINES TO WINDSOR FOREST.

SENT IN A LETTER TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

All hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade,
Scene of my youthful loves and happy hours!
Where the kind muses met me as I strayed,
And gently pressed my hands, and said, Be ours.
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse;
At court thou mayst be liked, but nothing gain;
Stocks thou mayst buy and sell, but always lose;
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.[1]

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey.

[1] Ambrose Philips, the author of the "Pastorals," which Pope ridiculed severely in the "Tatler." He was born 1671, died 1749. Eustace

Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell:
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye.

VERSES TO DR. BOLTON,[1]

IN THE NAME OF MRS. BUTLER'S SPIRIT, LATELY DECEASED

Stripped to the naked soul, escaped from clay,
From doubts unfettered, and dissolved in day;
Unwarmed by vanity, unreached by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charmed by friendship's fond essays
And though unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the firmless mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath?
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN.[2]

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 1742.

Resigned to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.

Budgell was a clerk of Addison's. He wrote for the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian:" born 1685, drowned 1736. Henry Carey also composed pastorals. He was an excellent musician. His song "Sally in our Alley," is still admired. He died 1743.

[1] Dr. Bolton, Dean of Carlisle, lived some time at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother, Mrs. Butler of Sussex, Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character, and from thence Pope took occasion to write this Epistle to Dr. Bolton.—*Ruffhead.*

[2] Southern was a poet and dramatist. His most popular dramas were "Isabella" and "Oroonoko." He lived long and died rich.

Kind Boyle, before his poet lays
A table,[1] with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp[2] still to his fingers.
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo, a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,[3]
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

[*From the Miscellany.*]

SANDYS'S[4] GHOST; OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

Ye Lords and Commons, men of wit,
And pleasure about town;
Read this ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

---

[1] Mr. Southern was invited to dine on his birthday with this nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.—*Warburton.*

[2] The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen; such as table-cloths, &c.—*Warburton.*

[3] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told of Dryden. When Southern first wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas: but when Southern came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he), young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap." We now look on these prologues with the same admiration that the virtuosi do on the apothecaries' pots painted by Raphael.—*Warburton.*

[4] George Sandys, an English poet who translated "Ovid"; born 1577, died 1644. Both Dryden and Pope praise him.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin.

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japanned avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woeful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly squire.

Rare Imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth,
Like puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his mouth,
The works of all the muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now as he scrached to fetch up thought,
Forth popped the sprite so thin;
And from the key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly;
This squire he dropped his pen full soon,
While as the light burned bluely.

"Ho! Master Sam," quoth Sandys's sprite,
"Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell seek, or Carey.

"I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P——— comes[1]
In haste, without his garter.

"Then lords and lordlings, squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers!
Garth at St. James's and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

"What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnett or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

"If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses;
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

"Let Warwick's muse with Ashurst join,
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's:
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

"L———[2] himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F———[3] in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

"Ye ladies too draw forth your pen,
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness lady Wortley,

"Now, Tonson, 'list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis.

"A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour;"
"To what" (quoth squire) "shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys: "To waste paper."

---

[1] Supposed to be Lord Pembroke.
[2] Supposed to be Lord Lansdowne.
[3] Frowde.

EPITAPHS ON JOHN HUGHES AND SARAH DREW.[1]

When eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful fair expire:
Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent His own lightning, and the victims seized.

I.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

EPIGRAM.

Yes! 'tis the time (I cried,) impose the chain,
Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved;
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and hope, our charity begins;
And 'tis a wise design in pitying heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the only way to be forgiven.

[1] These were two rustic lovers who were simultaneously struck by lightning beneath a hay-stack on the last day of July 1718. Pope relates their story in a letter to Lady M. W. Montagu.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

Pallas grew vapourish once, and odd,
  She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess, or for god,
  Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frowned, and, "Use," he cried, "those eyes
  So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise"—
  She bowed, obeyed him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
  Thought by all heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids, on earth,
  Her Burlington do just the same.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
  But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
  The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown;
  How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
  Between John Overton and you!

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE,

DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON.

Peace, flattering Bishop! lying Dean![1]
This portrait only paints the Queen!

[1] Alured, Dean of Carlisle, is the dean alluded to; he wrote a panegyric on Queen Caroline.

SONG,[1]

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart,
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers;
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

[1] A pleasant burlesque on the style of certain descriptive poets.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

Atria longe patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam
Nec somno locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART. Epig.

See, sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well designed,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.

"Thanks, sir," cried I, "'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."

ON AN OLD GATE AT CHISWICK.

O gate, how camest thou here?
I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Battered with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE,

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN, AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9, 1739.

With no poetic ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he loved, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred,
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretched out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

EPIGRAM TO LORD RADNOR.

My lord[1] complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopt three trees, the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite:
"And if he'll visit me, I'll waive the right."
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

VERSES TO MR. CRAGGS.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, LONDON, OCT. 22.

Few words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here;
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

[1] Note to the "Dunciad."

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, you poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest
From office business, news and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

[*From the Miscellany.*]

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN MOUNTAIN.[1]

AN ODE BY TILLY-TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT. TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

In amaze,
Lost I gaze,
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire,
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propped the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turned aside,
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet, touch the sky.

[1] Gulliver. The poem is supposed to be written by a Lilliputian poet.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH[1] FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch missed her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubbered, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has shown,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furled her sampler, and hauled in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevelled, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she searched each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this" (she cried) "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And filled the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.
Sure in that lake he dropped; my Grilly's drowned."—
She dragged the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they played at taw,
Nor fear the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.

[1] See the voyage to Brobdingnag, "Gulliver's Travels."

From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How, then, thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewildered wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maimed, lie grovelling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosomed in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps Grildrig in his favorite bow'r.
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
Thy baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head!
How chaste the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said, but broken accents stopped her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobbed a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seemed like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish;
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER,

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS,[1] NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND.

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemned to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.

O happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By the sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And even a Yahoo learned the love of truth.

Art thou the first who did the coast explore;
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or swayed by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which owned, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian,[2] visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travelled to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy gen'rous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compelled to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!

With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a year?
Or managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by reason's force,
Have learned to bear misfortune, like a horse.

---

[1] Horses, See "Gulliver's Travels." [2] Pythagoras.

O would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain,
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doomed to serve the bad,
O! mayst thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS.

Swift set up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge, in Herefordshire. He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mrs. Howard, who returned it with the following lines, inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand: "Model of a monument for my grandfather, with Pope's roguery."—*Scott's* "Lives of Eminent Dramatists and Novelists" (Swift, p. 2, Chandos Classics).

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gotherige,
But now is spoiled clean,
And an Irish dean:
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

ON CERTAIN LADIES.

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO, THE WORK OF NINE LADIES.[1]

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

EPIGRAM ON EPITAPHS.

FREIND,[2] for your Epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY AN INVITATION TO COURT (BY THE MAIDS OF HONOUR).

IN the lines that you sent are the Muses and Graces,
You've the nine in your wit, and the three in your faces.

EPIGRAM.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.[3]

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

[1] The Miss Lisles, sisters of Dr. Lisle, who wrote fugitive poetry.
[2] The person here meant was Dr. Robert Freind, head-master of Westminster School.
[3] This was said to have been the answer of Mr. Grantham's Fool to one who asked him whose fool he was.—*Warton.*

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT god, what genius, did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."[1]

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is called in women only reputation;
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN ON A GLASS WITH LORD CHESTERFIELD'S[2] DIAMOND PENCIL.

ACCEPT a miracle instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

---

[1] Martha Blount (from letter to her).

[2] Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was one of the greatest wits of his day. He was born in 1694, died 1773. He was in the opposition against Sir Robert Walpole. His manners were considered perfect.

[*From the Miscellany.*]

BISHOP HOUGH.[1]

A BISHOP, by his neighbors hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

[*From the Letters.*]

TO GAY.

This is my birthday; and this is my reflection on it.

WITH added days, if Life give nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let ev'ry pleasure through;
Some joy still lost as each vain year runs o'er
And all we gain some sad reflection more!
Is this a birthday?—'Tis alas! too clear
'Tis but the funeral of another year.

EPIGRAM.

BEHOLD, ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck[2] contend in rival lays.
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail:
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right:
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write.

[1] Hough, Bishop of Worcester, was born 1651, died 1743. He was elected President of Magdalen College, Oxford, in opposition to the king's (James II.) order that Dr. Farmer, and afterwards Bishop Parker, should be chosen. The fellows were consequently all expelled but two. When the king's affairs became desperate, the fellows and Hough were restored, 1688. In 1690 he was made Bishop of Oxford, from thence translated to Litchfield, and died Bishop of Worcester. He was famed for his piety and munificence.

[2] Stephen Duck was a thresher poet, who was patronised by Queen Caroline.

TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM ON ANTONIUS PRIMUS.[1]

At length my friend (while Time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour,
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleased with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

TO ERINNA.[2]

1722.

Though sprightly Sappho force our love and praise
A softer wonder my pleased soul surveys,
The mild Erinna blushing in her bays.
So, while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
Serene, in virgin majesty she shines;
And unobserved the glaring sun declines.

INSCRIPTION ON A PUNCH-BOWL,

IN THE SOUTH-SEA YEAR (1720), FOR A CLUB, CHASED WITH JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA WITH THE BULL.

Come, fill the South Sea goblet full;
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleased accepts the bull,
And Jove with joy puts off the bear.

---

[1] *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.*

[2] Erinna was a celebrated Greek poetess who died young. She was chained by her mother to her Spinning Wheel. Her chief poem is called "The Spindle." Pope applies her name to some unknown literary friend of his in these lines,

ON RECEIVING FROM THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY[1] A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

Yes, I beheld th' Athenian Queen[2]
  Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take," (she said, and smiled serene,)
  "Take at this hand celestial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
  This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
  This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
  Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the sable well,
  The fount of fame or infamy.

"What *well?* what *weapons?*" (Flavia cries,)
  "A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bertrand's,[3] not the skies;
  I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
  You'll bring a house (I mean of peers)
Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
  L—— and all about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
  And run, on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
  Nor stop at flattery or fib.

---

[1] To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise, that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two poems entitled the "Epilogue to the Satires." On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

"Grave epistles bringing vice to light"

and licentious libels, he began a third dialogue, more severe and sublime than the first and second; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this beautiful little poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.—*Warburton quoted by Bowles.*

[2] Pallas. [3] A famous toy-shop at Bath. *Warburton.*

"Athenian Queen! and sober charms!
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing i't:
Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.[1]

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'l lift you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."[2]

TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.

Given by Pope to the Rev Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Thompson got him to look over a translation of the "Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth," done by himself, and Pope translated these lines from it for him. Pope gives a most amusing account of his interviews with Mr. Thompson in his letters.

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er th' aerial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallowed altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

[*From the Letters.*]

IMPARTIAL JOVE.

Jove was alike to Latian and Phrygian,
For well you know that Wit's of no religion.

---

[1] When she delivers to Æneas a suit of heavenly armour.—*Warburton.*

[2] This beautiful lady was fourth daughter of the Earl of Ferrers, who had, at that time, a house at Twickenham. She was the "Fanny, blooming fair," of Lord Chesterfield's once well-known ballad. She died unmarried at Bath in 1762.

A POEM.

The Third Dialogue is supposed to have been the fragment following, which was found by Lord Bolingbroke, his executor, amongst the sweepings of his study. It is a mere literary curiosity.

1740.

O WRETCHED Britian jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent they fall?
Turn, turn thine eyes from wicked men in place
And see what succour from the patriot race.

C——,[1] his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him as other fools for kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee ev'ry hour
And antedates the hatred due to pow'r

Through clouds of passion P——'s views are clear,
He foams a patriot to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.

GRAVE, righteous S——[2] jogs on, till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let the blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern S——[3] would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good C——[4] hopes, and candidly sits still.
Of Ch——s W——[5] who speaks at all,
No more than of Sir Harry or Sir Paul?[6]
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
G——r, C——m, B——t,[7] pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that must
And C——d,[8] who speaks so well, and writes,
Whom (saving W.) every S. *harper bites.*

---

[1] Cobham. [2] Sandys. [3] Shippen. [4] Carlisle.
[5] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.
[6] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.
[7] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst. [8] Chesterfield.

must needs
Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done.
Then urged by C——t,[1] or by C——t stopp'd,
Inflamed by P——,[2] and by P—— dropp'd;
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Uttered a speech, and asked their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound;
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great W——,[3] fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to Britain kind, as to thy . . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .
What can thy H.[4] . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious W——[5] and frontless Young;
Sagacious Bub,[6] so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H——?[7]
Hervey and Hervey's school, F——, H——y, H——n,[8]
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton.[9]
How! what can O——w, what can D——[10]
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
N——[11] laugh, or D——'s[12] sneer,
Or thy dread truncheon, M.'s[13] mighty peer?

---

[1] Lord Carteret. [2] Pulteney. [3] Walpole. [4] Horace
[5] Winnington. [6] Doddington. [7] Hare, Bishop of Chichester.
[8] Foxe, Henley, Hinton.
[9] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. [10] Onslow, the Speaker, and Earl Delawar
[11] Newcastle's. [12] Dorset's. [13] Marlborough.

What help from J——'s[1] opiates canst thou draw,
Or H——k's[2] quibbles voted into law?
C.,[3] that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, Britain, but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,
The sowzing prelate, or the sweating peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee in the infectious office *dies*.
The first firm P——y[4] soon resign'd his breath,
Brave S——w[5] loved thee, and was lied to death.
Good M—m—t's[6] fate tore P——th[7] from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when W——m[8] died.
Thy nobles sl—s,[9] thy se—s[10] bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold.
An atheist ☽ a ⊕'''s ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise;
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . .
Be but a man! unministered, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne:
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A ♋'s[11] true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* his . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.[12]
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

---

[1] Jekyll. [2] Harkwick's. [3] Cummings, Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas. [4] ? Pulteney. [5] Scarborow. [6] Marchmont. [7] Polwarth. [8] Wyndham.[9] Slaves. [10] Senates. [11] Kings.
[12] He alludes probably to Frederick, Prince of Wales.—*Bowles.*

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS,[1] HIS THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703.

ARGUMENT.

Œdipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, King of Argus. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the meantime, departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he needs not apologise for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroyed by impious arms
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravished breast, and all the muse inspires.

[1] Publius Papinius Statius was born at Naples, 61, died 96, a Roman poet of some note. He wrote the "Thebais," "Achilleis," and "Sylvæ." He was a favourite of Domitian and flatters the tyrant in the following poem. The poet was twelve years composing the "Thebais" and though the style is often inelegant, yet the poem is highly valuable for the information which it contains respecting the mythology and the less commonly known legends of ancient times.

O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,[1]
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sowed the soil,
And reaped an iron harvest of his toil;
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?[2]
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch[3] found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.
But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race;
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's[4] conquering eagles sing;
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains streamed with barbarous blood;

---

[1] Jupiter under the form of a bull having carried off Europa the daughter of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, her father ordered his son Cadmus to go in search of his sister and not to return without her. Cadmus sought long and far for her in vain, and not daring to go back without her, he consulted the oracle of Apollo to know where he should dwell. The oracle bade him follow a cow in the field, and where she stopped build a city and call the country Bœotia. The cow led him to the pla' . of Panope, where ultimately he built Thebes. Wishing to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter he sent his Syrian followers for water to a fountain issuing from a cave. Here a horrid serpent lurkc (sacred to Mars) which slew all the men by its breath, its fangs, or its folds. Cadmus attacked and destroyed the monster. Pallas descending, then ordered him to sow the dragon's teeth in the earth. He obeyed; the dragon's teeth produced a crop of armed men, who instantly fought with one another; till all were killed except five who joined Cadmus and assisted him to build the city. Such was the fabled origin of Thebes and its people, see "Ovid," Book III. Cadmus brought letters to Greece from Phœnicia.

[2] Another legend averred that Amphion built Thebes; the walls rising to the music of his lyre.

[3] Athamas, king of Thebes. Juno sent Tisiphone, one of the Furies, to the house of Athamas out of hatred to Ino. The Fury inflamed the king with a sudden frenzy. He took Ino to be a lioness and her sons whelps, and killed Learchus by dashing him against a wall. Ino threw herself with her other son Melicerta into the sea. The gods pitied her fate, and Neptune made her a sea deity under the name of Leucothoe. Melicerta became a sea god by the name of Palæmon.

[4] A compliment to Domitian.

Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretched his empire to the frozen pole;
Or, long before, with early valor strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name!
Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And crowd their shining lamps to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share h. . heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit that my preluding muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,[1]
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts:
When Dirce's fountain blushed with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughtered sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus,[2] or the prophet's[3] fate?

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[1] Eteocles and Polynices fell slain by each other. They were first placed on the same funeral pile: but the flames rose apart as they mounted up as if even death was unwilling to unite the fratricides. Polynices was therefore left unburied till Antigone performed his funeral rites.

[2] One of the seven chiefs of the army of Adrastus, king of Argos, during the Theban war. He was famous for savage barbarity.

[3] The soothsayer Amphiaraus, the brother-in-law of Adrastus, who foretold the destruction of the Argive army before Thebes, but on the decision of his wife Eriphyle, consented to accompany the expedition, and was swallowed up in the earth.

Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon[1] repelled the hostile tide?
Or how the youth,[2] with every grace adorned
Untimely fell to be for ever mourned?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.[3]
Now wretch'd Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents its sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within:
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul:
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.
"Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are rolled
Through dreary coasts, which I though blind behold;
Tisiphone![4] that oft has heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you received me from Jocasta's womb,
And nursed the hope of mischief yet to come,
If, leaving Polybus,[5] I took my way
To Cirrha's[6] temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
If I the Sphinx's[7] riddles durst explain,

[1] Another of the "Seven" chiefs.
[2] Parthenopæus.—*Pope.*
[3] He was consumed by lightning while scaling the walls of Thebes.
[4] One of the Furies who avenged crimes.—See Argument.
[5] The king of Corinth, who had adopted Œdipus when he was brought to him by the shepherd. Laius, king of Thebes, warned that the babe would kill him, had it exposed on mount Cithæron. When Œdipus grew up he also received a warning from the oracle of the crime he would commit, and acting on the prophecy of those fiends who "paltered to him in a double sense," he fled from Corinth believing that his adopted parents were his real ones, and that by flight he might escape his doom. The terrible Destiny of the Greeks was, however, too strong for him. Near Thebes he met his real father Laius and slew him in a quarrel.
[6] The temple of Delphi, where Œdipus received the fatal oracle.
[7] The story of the Sphinx is too well known to need repetition. The Thebans had promised the crown and widow of Laius to the man who should solve her riddle, and by doing so destroy her. Thus Œdipus married his mother.

Taught by thyself to win the promised reign;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stained my mother's bed;
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renewed;
Then, self-condemned, to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou mightest inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoiled of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their scepters o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distained with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing[1] thy commands:
Couldst thou some great proportioned mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink[2]
Her snakes untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons rolled her eyes around,
And snatched the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she winged her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she passed, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:

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[1] Preventing in the sense of "going before," as in the collects—"Prevent us, O Lord, &c."

[2] A river of Tartarus.

To th' iron gates of Tænarus[1] she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veiled her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steered to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey[2] took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow, [high
When labouring with strong charms, she stoops from
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. [came
Blood stained her cheeks, and from her mouth there
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone.
She tossed her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirled a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound,
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmured to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And pressed Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a vale of clouds.

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[1] Tænarus—now Matapan, the most southern point of Europe. There was at this place a cavern from whence proceeded a black and unwholesome vapour. Here was supposed to be one of the entrances to Tartarus—the heathen Hell.

[2] See previous note.

Straight with the rage of all their race possessed,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast.
Their tortured minds repiuing envy tears,
And hate, engendered by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour
While discord waits upon divided pow'r.
As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And joined reluctant to the galling yoke.
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were raised,
No fretted roofs with polished metals blazed;
No laboured columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers[1] then were wrought in burnished gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls embossed were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine.
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,

[1] Dishes—they gave Herodias's daughter St. John's head in a charger.

When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swelled thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a feared and envied throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal armed, th' ignoble minds delight,)
Exclaimed—"O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide and these reverse the state:
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—O servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fixed this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banished Cadmus wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa searched the world in vain.
And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omened plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?[1]
What lofty looks the unrivalled monarch bears?
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!

[1] See previous note.

Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bowed,
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all the extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heav'n superior shone;
Serene he looked, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confessed the god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crowned.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heav'n seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listened while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
"How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy,

And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er the eluded rage of Jove!
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' oe'rlaboured Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this, I suffered Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler[1] to misguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turned
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burned.
For this, my brother of the watery reign[2]
Released th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mixed with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stained with filial blood;[3]
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood:[4]
The direful banquet[5] why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,

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[1] Phaeton, who having asked his father Apollo to let him drive the Chariot of the Sun, set the world on fire.

[2] Neptune; the allusion is to Deucalion's flood.

[3] Agave, the mother of Pentheus. He was the avowed enemy of Bacchus, and venturing to intrude on the orgies of the god, his mother and the other Bacchanals mistaking him in their frenzy for a wild boar, tore him to pieces.

> "His mother sternly viewed him where he stood,
> And kindled into madness as she viewed,
> Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast,
> And cried, 'the boar that lays our country waste.'"

Addison's "Translations from Ovid," Met. III, Fab. 7, 8, 9.

[4] Orion, born in Bœotia, and slain in the wood by Diana whom he had insulted.

[5] Tantalus's banquet given to the gods, at which, to test their divinity, he served up the limbs of his son Pelops. The deities refused to eat, except Ceres, who, absent and sorrowful for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, eat a portion of the shoulder of Pelops. Jupiter restored him to life, substituting an ivory shoulder for that eaten by Ceres. Pelops conquered all that part of Greece, afterwards called from his name Peloponnesus: in which Argos stood.

Or it may mean the banquet of Atreus and Thyestes. See note at page 418.

The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Œdipus, just heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus[1] soon, with gods averse, shall join,
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;
Fixed is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast."
He said; and thus the queen of heav'n returned;
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burned);
"Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers[2] defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame;
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer[3] fed,
And there deluded Argus[4] slept and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was stormed of old,[5]
When Jove descended in almighty gold:
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrowed shapes;
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,[6]

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[1] King of Argos.

[2] Argos, so named from its second king Phoroneus. By some he was said to have founded Argos; though generally Inachus is called its founder.

[3] Io—changed into a heifer by Jupiter.

[4] Argus set to watch Io, was lulled to sleep by Mercury and killed.

[5] The tower in which Danaë was imprisoned by her father Acrisius, King of Argos, into which Jupiter descended in a shower of gold. She was the mother of Perseus.

[6] Semele, another daughter of Cadmus, who forced Jupiter on his oath by the Styx, to show himself to her in all his majesty, and was consumed by his lightnings. She was the mother of Bacchus.

When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed;
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycenæ fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renowned,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove designed
To date his vengeance, to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence,[1] where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmixed to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites[2] disgrace thy mighty name,
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomäus, defiled with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.[3]
Say, can those honours please: and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share[4]

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[1] Arcadia where the river Alpheus (now Orfea or Rofea) rises. The god of this river was fabled to have fallen in love with the nymph Arethusa and pursued her till she was changed into a fountain by Diana. Alpheus was said to have followed her under the sea from Peloponnesus to Ortygia, near Syracuse, where their waters join. Our readers doubtless remember Shelley's exquisite poem, Arethusa.

[2] They offered human sacrifices.

[3] Œnomäus was King of Pisa in Elis. He had learned from an oracle that his son-in-law would kill him. Therefore, as he had the swiftest horses in the world, he decreed that he only should marry his daughter Hippodamia who could beat him in a chariot race. If the suitor failed, the forfeit was his life. Pelops, the son of Tantalus, by a stratagem won the race, and became king of Pisa.

[4] "Tantalus's kingdom" because he was the father of Pelops.

Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decreee,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons[1] as those."
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the queen expressed
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmoved remained the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne returned this stern reply:
"'Twas thus I deemed thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation, thy peculiar care:
No less Dione[2] might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,[3]
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I swear
(That dreadful oath which binds the thunderer)
'Tis fixed; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste, then, Cyllenius,[4] through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's[5] ear;
That, from his exiled brother, swelled with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,[6]
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into fate."
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veiled the starry glories of his head!
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;

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[1] Eteocles and Polynices.—*Pope.* [2] Venus, Stat. Sylv. I. v. 86.
[3] Bacchus was the son of the Theban princess Semele.
[4] Mercury. [5] Eteocles.
[6] Polynices had married the daughter of the King of Argos.

That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banished Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandoned) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,[1]
And famed Mycenæ's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappeared in horror of the feast).
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enriched the rising ground.[2]
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,[3]
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Sciron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

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[1] Argos. The sun is said to have been eclipsed by horror at Atreus's feast, at which he served up the flesh of Thyestes' children to their father.

[2] See note at p. 419.

[3] Megara. See previous note in "Rape of the Lock," p. 74.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hushed; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness and involve the skies.
At once the rushing wind with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground
And floated fields lie undistinguished round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus[1] rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons[2] o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
And whirled in air, and on the winds are borne,
The storm the dark Lycæan groves displayed,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonished, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,

[1] Rivers of Argos.

[2] It was said to have been impregnated by poison from the Hydra which Hercules slew.

That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread,
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main.
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distressed,
Thus still his courage, with his toils increased;
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He passed the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days,
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line:
Heaven had not crowned his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heired his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though skilled in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For this did the predicting god ordain.
Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,

And seized with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employed Alcides'[1] youthful toils,
Ere yet adorned with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the sight, and fixed in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplished oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:
"Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train:
You who the cares of heav'n, and earth allay,
'Till nature quickened by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wildered in the maze of fate!
Be present still, oh goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus! I confess the gods!"
Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch prayed;
Then to his inner court the guests conveyed;

[1] Hercules.

Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroidered purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads:
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames, the slaughtered victims fry.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretched on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acêstis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue trained,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintained.
Then softly whispered in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confessed,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus[1] used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus[2] flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And even in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,

[1] A former king of Argos.
[2] Perseus, being by his mother grandson of a king of Argos,

On golden wings, the Phrygian[1] to the stars:
Still as he rises in the etherial height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fixed on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shades, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crowned,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest, [ed,
Crowned with chaste laurel[2] and with garlands dress-
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honoured altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name designed,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.
"When by a thousand darts the Python slain[3]
With orbs unrolled lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfixed as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And sucked new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argus' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest,
That all the charms of blooming youth possessed;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness joined.
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoyed:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argus to the Sylvan shade;

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[1] Ganymede, cupbearer to the gods.
[2] Sacred to Apollo.
[3] By Apollo.

To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
"How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the grassy verdure as he lay
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapped the gore
Th' astonished mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame.
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies:
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
"But touched with sorrow, for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell,
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
"But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, famed for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword.

Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly.

And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fixed appear,
Pale even in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flocked to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast:
And rav'nous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

"But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feathered fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

"But Phœbus, asked why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

"Blessed be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name;
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdained thy life to save;
But viewed the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

"'With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds concealed thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claimed thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandoned race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,

Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
"Merit distressed, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glowed with rage
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth retired
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honors, still renewed, his ancient wrath appease.
"But say, illustrious guest" (adjoined the king)
"What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confessed, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies:
"Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh, generous prince) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has rolled?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."
To whom the king (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touched with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—"Ah, why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
E'en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,

In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes[1] and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."
"Oh, father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleased to find fair Delos float no more,[2]
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by lab'ring gods,
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skilled in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.[3]
Thy rage the Phrygian[4] felt, who durst aspire
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus'[5] guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame;

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[1] Two large sandbanks in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Africa: one near Leptis, the other near Carthage. As they constantly varied in position, their names became proverbial for dangerous navigation.

[2] Delos was a floating island till fixed by Apollo. He was born on Mount Cynthus.

[3] Alluding to the superstition of comets foretelling war and woe.

[4] Marsyas.

[5] A giant who assaulted Latona, the mother of Apollo, and was slain by her son and daughter.

Thy hand slew Python, and the dame[1] who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,[2]
Condemned to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.
"Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine.
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris,[3] who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra,[4] to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."

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[1] Niobe, who boasted that her children excelled those of Latona. Her fourteen children were slain by Phœbus, and she, from grief, was turned into stone.

[2] King of the Lapithæ in Thessaly. To revenge an affront to his daughter he marched to Delphi and reduced the temple of Apollo to ashes. The god killed Phlegyas and placed him in hell, where a huge stone suspended over his head, and threatening momentarily to fall, kept him in constant dread.

[3] Osiris, Egyptian sun-god.

[4] Persian god of the sun.

TRANSLATIONS FROM OVID.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of exercise, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to poetry to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this juvenile volume.—*Pope*, in vol. iii. of his works published 1736.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.[1]

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?

[1] Sappho, a famous Greek poetess, was called by the ancients the Tenth Muse. An inconstant lover, called Phaon, occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage to Sicily in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island she is supposed to have written her hymn to Venus .... Her hymn was ineffectual in procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it, and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion that she determined to get rid of it at any price.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a small temple sacred to Apollo. In this temple it was

Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the lyric muse ;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripened corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love ;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear ;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare :
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warmed, and one the Cretan dame,[1]

---

usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea; where they were sometimes taken up alive . . . . those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure and perished in the experiment.—*Addison*, Spec. No. 223.

The sea has washed away the narrow neck of land which once connected Leucas or Leucate with Greece; it is now an island called St. Mauro, and the ancient promontory of Leucate is "Cape St. Mauro." —See Spec. No. 227 (*Addison*).

"Alcæus, the poet, arrived at the promontory that very evening in order to take the leap on her account, but refrained when he heard that her body could not be found, and is said to have written his 215th ode on the occasion."—*Warton;* and Addison, Spec. No. 228.

It seems fair to add that modern research has proved that Sappho was calumniated. That she never *named* her lover; and that she was of good character. The great authority, Karl Müller, tells us, "Alcæus testifies that the attractions and loveliness of Sappho did not derogate from her moral worth when he calls her 'violet-crowned, pure, sweetly-smiling Sappho.'" He explains that she was a Lesbian and had a school for poetry. The Athenians, who secluded their women, as the Orientals do, could not believe in the moral character of a woman who made herself famous, and belied Sappho, as Ovid, following them, did also.

Müller says also that the leap from Leucadia was rather a poetical image than a real event in the life of Sappho, who survived Alcæus. See a delightful account of Sappho in Müller's History of the Literature of Modern Greece, vol. i. p. 71.

[1] Ariadne.

Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise;
Though great Alcæus [1] more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flame supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame [2]
Inspired young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And glossy jet is paired with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopped with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleased, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoyed, and yet you still desired,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.

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[1] Alcæus was a celebrated lyric poet of Mitylene in Lesbos. He flourished about B. C. 600. Only a few fragments of his works remain.

[2] Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia. To appease the anger of the Nereids, she was exposed to a sea monster. Perseus slew the monster and married Andromeda.

And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains.
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burned in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curled diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disordered with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the sisters[1] fixed my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus[2] might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O, scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O, useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;

[1] The Fates.

[2] A beautiful hunter, whom the goddess of the morning loved. He killed his wife Procris by mistake.

The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
"Farewell, my Lesbian love," you might have said,
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of our loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chilled my breast, and stopped my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fixed in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound,
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears;
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
"And why this grief? thy daughter lives," he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh, night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dressed in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine;
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take:

Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charmed me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veiled our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the pressed herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwined in amorous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was pressed by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return;
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flow'ry lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood:[1]
She stood and cried, "O, you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion[2] once with hopless fury burned,

[1] A Naiad.

[2] Deucalion and Pyrrha, of the race of Promethus, alone escaped the universal deluge of the Grecian mythology.

In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorned;
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorned, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanished with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:
"Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentless youth, ah, why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah, canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh, far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah, canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dashed on these rocks than to thy bosom prest?
This breast which once, in vain! you liked so well;
Where the loves played, and where the muses dwell
Alas! the muses now no more inspire,
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign.
(Wretch that I am to call that Phaon mine!)

Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires;
But ah, how fiercely burn the lover's fires!
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!
Oh, when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O, launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O, launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.[1]

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis[2] sighs,
When the fair consort[3] of her son replies:
"Since you a servant's ravished form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.

---

[1] Upon the occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable.—*Pope.*

[2] Galanthis was a female servant of Alcmena, who attended at the birth of Hercules. She was changed into a weasel by Lucina and Juno, in consequence of having defeated their schemes to kill the infant. Alcmena had been bewailing this transformation to Iole.

[3] Iole.

No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)
This nymph compressed by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,[1]
Andræmon loved; and, blessed in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crowned;
The shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourished at her breast.
Not distant far a wat'ry lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorned with blossoms promised fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonished at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs adored:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fastened feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above:
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below;
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is filled with leaves:
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,

[1] Apollo.

Perceived a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delayed,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, not yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs com-
"If to the wretched any faith be giv'n, [plains.
I swear, by all the unpitying powers of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred:
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
'Within this plant my hapless parent lies:'
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but warned by me,
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.

My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades;
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."
She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fair Pomona [1] flourished in his reign;
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew.
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, walled on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the Satyrs [2] and the wanton Fauns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey.

[1] Pomona was a Roman deity, presiding over fruit-trees.
[2] Satyrs were Greek forest deities. Fauns, their Roman representatives.

And old Silenus,[1] youthful in decay,
Employed their wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus[2] owned his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the fields appears.
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
Oe'rcharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade;
Oft in his hardened hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propped on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrowed brows.
The god in this decrepit form arrayed
The gardens entered, and the fruit surveyed;
And "Happy you! (he thus addressed the maid,)
Whose charms as far all other nymphs' outshine,
As other other gardens are excelled by thine!"
Then kissed the fair, (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
Then, placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crowned.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He viewed her twining branches with delight,
And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;

[1] Silenus was a demi-god, said to be the son of Pan. He was the nurse and attendant of Bacchus. The Satyrs and Fauns are sometimes called Sileni.

[2] A deity who ruled over the spring and vegetation.

And this fair vine but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urged the centaur's arms,[1]
Ulysses queen,[2] nor Helen's fatal charms.
E'en now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain;
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise.
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guessed,)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Not at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.
Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet, alas! complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire!

[1] Hippodamia, or Deidamia. She was the cause of the fight between the Centaurs and Lapithæ.

[2] Penelope.

Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs.'
This when the various god had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but checked the rash design;
For when appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confessed a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I.—WALLER.[1]

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

Fair charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
A heart resigned, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threatened vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he.
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood has drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN.[2]

IN WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS[3] AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO, AURA VENI.

"Come, gentle air!" th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade:
"Come, gentle air," the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.

[1] The poet Waller was born 1605, died 1687. English versification was much smoothed by Waller.

[2] Given to Martha Blount.

[3] Cephalus was a beautiful Æolian shepherd, fond of hunting. He was wont, when heated and fatigued by the chase, to seek a shady

Lo, the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fatal dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the giver prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

II.—COWLEY.[1]

THE GARDEN.

Fain would my muse the flow'ry treasures sing
And humble glories of the youthful spring;
Where op'ning roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,
And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus[2] on the bank, in vain
Transformèd, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows:
There the green infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.

---

covert to enjoy the breeze which he would invoke with the words "Come, gentle Air." A gossip hearing the words, thought he called on some nymph, and went and told his wife Procris. Her jealousy was roused, and she stole into the thicket to watch him. Hearing him call on the "air," "Aura," which she thought a woman's name, she uttered a sob. Cephalus, thinking he heard a wild animal in the thicket, discharged a javelin at it, and heard a human cry. On hurrying to the spot, he found his beloved wife dying. She besought him as a last request not to wed "Aura," and thus the mistake was revealed to him.

[1] Abraham Cowley was born 1618, died 1667. A moral poet, but his poems were full of conceits, and are tedious and affected.

[2] Narcissus, a beautiful youth, who fell in love with his own image in a brook, and was transformed into the flower that bears his name.

Here orange trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in their ripened store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,[1]
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEEPING.

While Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise:
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby in that sunny sphere
So like a Phaeton[2] appears,
That heaven, the threatened world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might the ambitious nymph aspire,
To set, like him, heav'n too on fire.

[1] The laurel tree into which Daphne was metamorphosed when she fled from Apollo.

[2] The son of Apollo, who persuading his father to let him drive the chariot of the sun, set the earth on fire.

III.—E. OF ROCHESTER.[1]

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heaven was formed, or earth,
Ere fruitful thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee joined,
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clam'rous race of busy human-kind.

IV.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show.
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppressed with argumental tyranny,
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

---

[1] John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, born 1647, died 1680. He was a favourite of Charles II., and was considered a wit and clever satirical poet; but his poetry was coarse and profane, and is now happily forgotten. The only poem well known now of Rochester is his mock epitaph written on the door of Charles II.'s bedroom—

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Charles (not inferior in wit) declared the epitaph to be true: for his words were his own, his acts those of his ministers.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the w——'s good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame,

X.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be obliged to thee!
At senate, and at bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!

XI.

Yet speech even there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause;
Then pompous silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy of the gown,
Are best by thee expressed; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

IV.—E. OF DORSET.[1]

ARTEMISIA.[2]

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride
Are oddly joined by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside;
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

---

[1] "Lord Dorset was," says Walpole, "the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles II., and in the gloomy one of William III. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principle, or the earl's want of thought. His poems have sunk to oblivion for the general public."

[2] By Artemisia Pope is thought to have meant Queen Caroline.

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether the Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signor*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur.*

Obscure by birth, renowned by crimes,
Ttill changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of battered jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

V.—DR. SWIFT.[1]

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing.
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need:

[1] Jonathan Swift (Dean), born 1667, died 1745. He was the intimate friend of Pope.

October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe-pig, and mortuary guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and franked,
For which thy patron's weekly thanked:
A large Concordance, bound long since:
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglot—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the news
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S——t.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's "House of Fame." The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of "Fame," there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

In that soft season, when descending shower's[1]
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charmed my cares to rest,
And love itself was banished from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, joined, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees, and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

---

[1] This poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the "Trionfi" of the former, and the "Dream," "Flower and the Leaf," &c., of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.—*Pope.*

O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds concealed.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seemed, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I viewed,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
Some fresh engraved appeared of wits renowned;
I looked again nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resigned,
Or disappeared, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impaired by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscribed unnumbered ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)[1]
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,

[1] Though a strict verisimilitude be not required in the description of this visionary and allegorical kind of poetry, which admits of every wild object that fancy may present in a dream, and where it is sufficient if the moral meaning atone for the improbability, yet men are naturally so desirous of truth, that a reader is generally pleased, in such a case, with some excuse or allusion that seems to reconcile the description to probability and nature. The simile here is of that sort, and renders it not wholly unlikely that a rock of ice should remain for ever, by mentioning something like it in our northern regions agreeing with the accounts of our modern travellers.—*Pope.*

Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years.
  On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not reared by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excelled,
Four faces had the dome, and every face[1]
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
  Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appeared,
On Doric pillars of white marble reared,
Crowned with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughened gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus[2] was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:[3]
There great Alcides[4] stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion[5] there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!

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[1] The temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.—*Pope.*

[2] The Athenian hero, who was known as the destroyer of monsters and tyrants. He was the son of Ægeus, King of Athens. The shaggy spoils probably allude to the Minotaur, which he killed, and thus freed the Athenians from the tribute of human victims which they had to yield to it.

[3] Perseus, a demi-god. Minerva lent him her shield to fight the Gorgon Medusa. When he had slain the Gorgon, he cut off her head, and gave it to Minerva, who fixed it in her Ægis or shield.

> That snaky-headed Gorgon shield
> That wise Minerva wore; unconquered virgin:
> Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone.—

[4] Hercules. The "Hesperian spoil" was the golden apples of the Hesperides. "The figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statute of Farnese."—*Pope.*

[5] See notes to the "Thebais."

Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wal.
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
  The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:[1]
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
The sage Chaldeans robèd in white appeared,
And Brahmans, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopped the moon, and called the unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the power,
And careful watched the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,[2]
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
  But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,[3]
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptered slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are armed in scales of gold.

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[1] Cyrus was the beginner of the Persian as Ninus of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and the Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese who lived about two thousand years ago.—*Pope.*

[2] Congfutzee, for that was his real name, flourished just before Pythagoras. He taught justice, obedience to parents, humility, and universal benevolence. He practised these virtues when a first minister, and when reduced to poverty and exile.—*Warton.*

[3] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted of the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in "Diodorus," &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. —*Pope.*

Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learned walls with hieroglyphics graced.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,[1]
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge colosses rose, with trophies crowned,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smeared with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards[2] (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorned the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crowned:
Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.

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[1] The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.—*Pope.*

[2] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.—*Pope.*

High on a throne with trophies charged, I viewed
The youth that all things but himself subdued;[1]
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horned head belied the Libyan God.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas,[2] shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas[3] stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;[4]
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurel[illegible][5] 'n whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue joined,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the god-like Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,[6]
At all times just, but when he signed the shell:
Here his abode the martyred Phocion claims,[7]
With Agis,[8] not the last of Spartan names:

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[1] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes: his desire, to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. —*Pope.*

[2] The warlike and learned.

[3] The great Theban general, in whom all the virtues were united, who won the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea.

[4] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians: but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.—*Pope.*

[5] Emperor of Rome.

[6] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of the Just. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell, a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name.—*Pope.*

[7] Who, when he was about to drink the hemlock, charged his son to forgive his enemies, and not to revenge his death on those Athenians who had decreed it.—*Warton.*

[8] Agis, king of Sparta, was beheaded because he tried to restore the ancient discipline of Lycurgus.

Unconquered Cato shows the wound he tore,[1]
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.[2]
But in the centre of the hallowed choir,[3]
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal Adamant composed his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seemed, but not impaired by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides[4] wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragged in triumph round the Trojan wall,[5]
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire!
A strong expression most he seemed t' affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appeared,
On which a shrine of purest gold was reared;
Finished the whole, and laboured ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan[6] there in sober triumph sate,
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fixed a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza[7] stretched upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:[8]

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[1] Cato who had stabbed himself at Utica to avoid yielding to Cæsar, tore open his wound after it had been bound up, resolved to die.

[2] We need scarcely remind the English reader of the "evil genius" which appeared to Brutus at Philippi—so grandly told by Shakespeare in "Julius Cæsar," Act. 4, Sc. 3.

[3] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.—*Pope.*

[4] Diomed. [5] Hector dragged by Achilles. [6] Virgil. [7] Dido.

[8] Æneas carrying his old father Anchises from the flames of Troy.

Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
"ARMS AND THE MAN" in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,[1]
With heads advanced, and pinions stretched for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seemed to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appeared irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tuned th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and tempered Pindar's fire:
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.[2]
The polished pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star,[3] and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread[4]
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fixed in thought the mighty Stagirite;[5]

[1] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.—*Warburton.*

[2] This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace.—*Bowles.*

[3] See Horace's ode to Augustus.

[4] The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book:

"Me fabulosæ Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tute ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Diis animosus infans."

Which may be thus Englished:

While yet a child I chanced to stray
And in a desert sleeping lay;
The savage race withdrew, nor dared
To touch the Muses' future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove,
Myrtles and bays around me spread,
And crowned your infant poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love.—*Pope.*

[5] Aristotle the great natural philosopher as well as critic

His sacred head a radiant zodiac crowned,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,[1]
The Roman Rostra decked the Consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seemed to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretched his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretched my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swelled to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat,
With jewels blazed, magnificently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colored light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appeared the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seemed her stature of a cubit's height;
But swelled to larger size, the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas opened to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fixed, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,

[1] The greatest of Roman orators.

The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summoned at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appeared
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the winged colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgraced, and some with honours crowned;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thanked by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below."
The goddess heard, and bade the muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
"Since living virtue is with envy cursed,

And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice shall your act be crowned."
(Said Fame), "but high above desert renowned:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."
This band dismissed, behold another crowd
Preferred the same request, and lowly bowed;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee" (they cried) "amidst alarms and strife,
We sailed in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fled with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seemed, was done for thee alone."
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frowned)
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drowned;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues mouldered, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatched them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake."
"And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And o'er the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels leaned from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows expressed,
With feathers crowned, and gay embroid'ry dressed:
"Hither," they cried, "direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquished ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [prest
Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
"What? you," (she cried) "unlearned in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,

Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruined, or on friends betrayed;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix;
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known,
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seemed to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight changed the scene, and snatched me from the throne.
Before my view appeared a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turned the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touched needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whispered in the ear;
Nor even silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion stirred,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance;
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,

Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, the projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumbered multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts raised by fear and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talked aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in ev'ry face.
The flying rumors gathered as they rolled,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travelled with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force, the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly, [the sky.
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scattered through
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;

The strict companions are for ever joined,
And this or that unmixed, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,[1]
One came, methought, and whispered in my ear:
"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?"
"'Tis true," said I, "not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas, the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in other's breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flattered, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice:
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

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[1] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, "He came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a man of great authority, and awaking in a fright.—*Pope.*

JANUARY AND MAY;

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.[1]

There lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace,
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vowed to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
Or dotage turned his brain, is hard to find:
But his high courage pricked him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly powers his constant prayer,
Once, ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband, and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unawed by precepts, human or divine,

[1] This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age.—*Pope.*

Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libelled all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possessed,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblessed,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes surveyed,
And wandered in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity and bestowed
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.
A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserved the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:

At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.
  These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely pondered in his riper age;
And charmed with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, called a wife.
His friends were summoned on a point so nice
To pass their judgement, and to give advice,
But fixed before, and well resolved was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)
  "My friends," he cried (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sighed before he spoke:)
"Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have lived, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heav'n has oped my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my choice is approved by your consent.
  "One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice married dames are mistresses o' the trade:
But young and tender virgins ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
  "Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultry,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.

Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost, for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the power's above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.
"And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crowned with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclined,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind."
He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urged on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaimed,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason blamed.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was called, and Justin that,
First to the knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
"Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years:
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
As still I hold your own advice the best.
"Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways:
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirmed that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,

As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weighed with judgment, and befits a lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dulness and grave impotence."
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:
"A heathen author, of the first degree,
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit that no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,

And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair!
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end."
"'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well," the knight replies,
"Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools! and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws."
He spoke with scorn, and turned another way:—
"What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?"
"I say," quoth he, "by heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name."
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeased,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleased.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reigned the short-lived tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictured every lively part,
And each bright image wandered o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fixed on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polished glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fixed at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolved within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,

And thought no mortal could dispute his choice;
Once more in haste he summoned ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
"Heav'n, that" (said he) "inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
"A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and though not nobly born
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
"One only doubt remains: full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averred;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these;
Then clear the doubt, and set my mind at ease."
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touched to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
"Sir Knight," he cried, "if this be all your dread
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
"Then be not, sir, abandoned to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ;
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.

Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."
So said, they rose, nor more the work delayed;
The match was offered, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approached, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then prayed the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace gates are opened wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And placed in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, [string.
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain [train.
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight:
And danced around, and smiled on ev'ry knight:
Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renowned among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day:

The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er looked so lovely on her Persian king:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May.
The joyful knight surveyed her by his side,
Nor envied Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolved with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sighed for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possessed,
He looked, he languished, and could take no rest:
His task performed, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loathed the sight of day
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook the horizon, and rolled down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and as the time required,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.
The foe once gone, our knight prepared t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit the assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learned explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undressed,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was blessed.

What next ensued beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he laboured till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipped his cordial as he sate upright.
He kissed his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive squire oppressed,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapped in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;[1]
The good old knight moved slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,
Who prayed his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obeyed with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and bribed the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snored away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:

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[1] "As custom is with these nobles all,
A bride shall not be eaten in the hall
Till days four——."—*Chaucer.*

Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell tolled, and all arose to pray.
Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed:
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame:
Received th' impressions of the love-sick squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hanged, or drowned:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defined
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of humankind:
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose)
Derived his high philosophy from those;
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compassed round with walls of solid stone:
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crowned;
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moonlight sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboled on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore

The silver key that locked the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He used from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.
For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
How short a space our wordly joys endure?
O fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, formed mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he feared the faith of woman kind.
His wife not suffered from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watched her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures and confined her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sighed full oft; but sighed and wept in vain;
She looked on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, twas fixt; she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vexed her am'rous squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watched as she was, yet could he not refrain,
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs revealed her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceived to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watched, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear:
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.

By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What sleight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watched and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend knight was ugred to am'rous play:
He raised his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung:
"Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempest fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasure let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle squire obeyed:
Secret, and undescried he took his way,
And ambushed close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turned the key, and made the gate secure.
"Here let us walk," he said, "observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When unendowed, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,

The loss of thee is what I only fear.
"Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to- morrow's sun
Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And joined to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"
He ceased, and May with modest grace replied;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried:)
"Heaven knows" (with that a tender sigh she drew)
"I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And joined my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
"First, may the yawning earth her bosom rend
And let me hence to hell alive descend:
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sewed in a sack, and plunged into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood, I came,
I loathe a w——, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear."
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,

Where Damian kneeling, worshipped as she past.
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obsequious squire addressed his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place:
The knight and lady walked beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,
Had streaked the azure firmament with light;
He pierced the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warmed the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripped the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the green sward bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touched the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies searched the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclined of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen:

"'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

"Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss was well bestowed on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But shouldst thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.

"Thus says the king who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,

And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.
"Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunished long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And, in the very act restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true."
"And will you so," replied the queen, "indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinioned on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gulled by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
"What though this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Called women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martys, who resigned their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcerned in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria,[1] Portia,[2] and Lucretia[3] fell.
"But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in Him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.

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[1] Aria, when her husband hesitated to obey the mandate to die, plunged the dagger into her own heart, and drawing it back, said, "My Pætus, it is not painful."

[2] Portia, the wife of Brutus, died for love of him, and anxiety on his account.

[3] Lucretia, after bidding her husband and father avenge her wrong done by Tarquin, stabbed herself.

But grant the worst; shall women then be weighed
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of hosts;
He ceased at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who loved our sex, and honoured all our kind.
"Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know, then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose."
"Nay," (quoth the king), "dear madam, be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injured knight again should see;
It must be done—I am a king," said he,
"And one, whose faith has ever sacred been."
"And so has mine" (she said)—I am a queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again,
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song; "Oh, kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame looked up, and spied her love
Full fairly perched among the boughs above.
She stopped, and sighing: "Oh, good gods," she cried.
"What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side!
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green!
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal queen!

Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!"
Sore sighed the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eyesight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
"And must I languish, then," she said, "and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."
"With all my soul," he thus replied again,
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Looked out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dressed,
His rage was such as cannot be expressed:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky;
He cried, he roared, he stormed, he tore his hair;
"Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?"
"What ails my lord?" the trembling dame replied;
"I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!"
"If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance," (quoth the knight),

"So heav'n preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee w——;
W—— by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well."
"Guard me, good angels!" cried the gentle May,
"Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light."
"What I have said" (quoth he), "I must maintain,
For, by the immortal pow'rs it seemed too plain—"
"By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seized your mind,"
(Replied the dame,) "are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!"
She said; a rising sigh expressed her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wiped from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The knight was touched; and in his looks appeared
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheered:
"Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw."
"Ah, my loved lord! 'twas much unkind" (she cried)
"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's established, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight.
"Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heaven knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss."

With that she leaped into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugged her close, and kissed her o'er and o'er,
Disturbed with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both pleased and blessed, renewed their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienced wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words addressed to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was joined;
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.
"Increase and multiply," was Heaven's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.

I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in Heaven I may have many yet.
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere owned,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice:
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man;
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assigned by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night:
His proper body is not his but mine,
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toiled most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flowed in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,

And a new palsy seized them when I frowned.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I used to say,)
Whence is your neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleased to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attacked on every side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Horses (thou sayest) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untried they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, not till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If by strange chance, a modest blush be raised,

Be sure my fine complexion must be praised.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleased, and favourite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies.
On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye;
What? can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
Why are thy chests all locked? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay;
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be caterwau'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complained, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I taxed them oft with wenching and amours,

When their weak legs scarce dragged 'em out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevailed, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cried:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tarsels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixed,
Then kissed again, and chid and railed betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die.
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Even though the pope himself had sat at table,
But when my point was gained, then thus I spoke:—
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek;
Thou shouldst be always thus, resigned and meek!
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cooled.
Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;

What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your hear
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame.
What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my first three lords I passed my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procured young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liquorish mouth must have a lecherous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night.
The flour consumed, the best that now I can,
Is even to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say.
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dressed, and danced, and drank, and dined,
And viewed a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I galled him, only Heaven could know,

And he that felt, and I that caused the woe.
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips from Jerusalem:
And now lies buried underneath a rood
Fair to be seen, and reared of honest wood.
A tomb, indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
Than that Mausolus' pious widow[1] placed,
Or where enshrined the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we covered o'er
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best;
(Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in woman reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Allison:
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband p——d against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.
It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went;
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town:)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbor Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
Visits to every church, we daily paid,

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[1] Artemisia, Queen of Caria.

And march'd in every holy masquerade,
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engaged my vow
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vowed I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And thus besworn he had bewitch'd me to him,
If e'er I slept, I dreamed of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learnèd men have shewn:
All this I said; but dreams, sir, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day and month by month we pass'd:
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne;
Around, the neighbors, and my clerk, to mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he shew'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seemed to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conjuror once, that deeply could divine,
Assured me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars ordered, such my life has been:
Alas! alas! that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,

I followed always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce passed away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possessed I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repented still;
He proved a rebel to my sov'reign will:
Nay, once by Heaven he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseemed his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, "Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands;
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home."
All this availed not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies!) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and saints' lives.
Who drew the lion vanquished! 'Twas a man!
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,

And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
It chanced my husband on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scripture shew)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he[1] whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in the envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How cursed Eryphile her lord betray'd,[2]
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleased him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh, monstrous! fie for shame!
He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many jordens on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head;
"Rain follows thunder:" that was all he said.
He read how Arius to his friend complained,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twined
A sliding noose, and wavered in the wind, [where?
"Where grows this plant," (replied the friend,) "oh,
For better fruit did never orchard bear,
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be."
Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a poisonous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead. [slain,
How some with swords their sleeping lords have
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drenched them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swelled, and blushed and frowned;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,

---

[1] Hercules. [2] Wife of Amphiaraus.

When still he read, and laughed, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet felled him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groaned and lay extended on my side;
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth," (I cried;)
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"
He wept, kind soul! and stooped to kiss my face!
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sighed and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleased at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life:"
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Received the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemned to flames.
Now Heaven, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wished for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct helped to save!

THE SATIRES OF DR. DONNE,

(DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,) VERSIFIED.

Dr. Donne was a very celebrated divine and poet in his day. He was born 1573, and died 1631. Dryden says of him, "he was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation" and he (Dryden) praises these Satires highly. Pope modernized them at the request of the Duke of Shrewsbury and Lord Oxford. The life of Donne is a romance.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice so excellently ill,
That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other w——s.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) the excise and army in:
Catched like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the Papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarmed, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemned, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heaved by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair; but songs no longer move;
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:

In love's, in nature's spite, the seige they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.
These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis changed no doubt, from what it was before·
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, passed through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs
Who live like Sutton, or who die like Chartres.
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Even those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impu-
Time, that at last matures a—to—, [dence:
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positve than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too;
Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to ev'ry wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury Lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter[1] deigns to help you to your *own,*

What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His *office* keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to ev'ry lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters even to godly ——;
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of bastardy in heirs to crowns,
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:

* * * * * *

Or city-heir, in mortgage melts away;
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, cov'nants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes, with all their glosses, are:
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dexterously omits, *ses heires:*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, shrewd divines leave out [doubt.
Those words, that would against them clear the
So Luther thought the paternoster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song;
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *power and glory* clause.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found

[1] See note ante, p. 245.

Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were killed, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banished from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! these works are not in fashion now,
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride, my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admired;
I hoped for no commission from his grace:
I bought no benefice, I begged no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to shew;
Yet went to court!—the dev'l would have it so.
But, as the fool that in reforming days
Would go to mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,

Since 'twas no formed design of serving God;
So was I punished, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I entered, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloane[1] or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropt out of the moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, By your priesthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: th' apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was rev'rend, and though bare, was
black:
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remained;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordained!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travelled, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent joined,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I've learned to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgell too.
The Doctor's Wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And (all those plagues in one) the bawling bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil;
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,

[1] An allusion to Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest w——
With royal favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out: I whisper, gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!
"Permit" (he cries) "no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentimens, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most? 'The king's,' said I.
But the best words?—'O, sir, the dictionary.'"
"You miss my aim; I mean the most acute,
And perfect *speaker*?—'Onslow, past dispute.'
But, sir, of writers? 'Swift for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile.'
Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth the apostles (though perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were."
Thus other talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:
Till I cried out, "You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not dragoman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood.
'Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made,
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least the queen.'
'Ah, gentle sir! you courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine[1] has made:
And though the court shew vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there.'
At this entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies
'Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things

[1] A celebrated Italian poet, who lost the favour of Leo X. by writing infamous sonnets.

To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!'
'Then, happy man who shews the tombs!'" said I,
He dwells amidst the royal family;
He ev'ry day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,
And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead
What few can of the living, ease and bread.
"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen?" "Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean."
"Oh! sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your paduasoy."
"Not, sir, my only, I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille."—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke:
But as coarse iron, sharpened, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when angered to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He passed it o'er; affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New singers, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies. [shows,
Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.
When the queen frowned, or smiled, he knows; and
A subtle minister may make of that: [what
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug:
Whose place is quartered out three parts in four,
And whether to a Bishop or a w——;
Who, having lost his credit, pawned his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes the trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of Parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown

Can gratis see the country, or the town:
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,[1]
But some excising courtier will have toll.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and sore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licensed spy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man;
Swears every place entailed for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delayed:
Nay, hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seized on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine, to find a subject staid and wise
Already half turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me,
As in the pox, some give it to get free;
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra,[2] joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.
I quaked at heart; and still afraid, to see
All the court filled with stranger things than he,[3]
Ran out as fast as one, that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a gaol.
Bear me, some god! oh, quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till fancy coloured it, and form'd a dream.

---

[1] A deal at cards that draws all the tricks.

[2] A shadow. A Roman parasite.

[3] Lord Hervey.

A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forced even me to see the damned at court.
Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puffed nobility!
Thou, who since yesterday hast rolled o'er all
The busy idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, O Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those who shew a court in wax?[1]
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnished race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the British youth, engaged no more
At Fig's,[2] at White's,[3] with felons, or a w——,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatt'rer swears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtiers' clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states; they beg but better drest,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes

[1] A famous show of the court of France in wax-work.—*Pope.*

[2] Fig's, a prize-fighter's academy, where the young nobility received instruction in those days; it was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate.

[3] White's was a noted gaming-house.

So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
"Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought;
'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.
See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,[1]
Of all beau-kind the best-proportioned fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw;
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finished, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair.
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are blest:
Prodigious! how the things protest, protest:
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papists seize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jesu, Jesu*.[2]
Nature made ev'ry fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.
But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,

[1] Durer's rules.—Albert Durer, a celebrated painter, born at Nuremberg, 1471, died 1528. He was also a fine engraver, said to have been the first who engraved on wood.

[2] A reproof for their profane exclamations.

Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from gaols to execution go;
For, hung with deadly sins,[1] I see the wall,
And lined with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an *Ascapart*,[2] of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple Bar and Charing Cross.
Scared at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discovered spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine:
Charge them with heav'n's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains, but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you, June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?

[1] The room hung with old tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.—*Pope.*

[2] A giant in romances.—*Pope.*

The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy w——;
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true; but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray take them, sir,—enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—
What? rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favors on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just; I'll tell ye wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laughed down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.
A weasel once made shift to slink

In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuffed his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so,
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Crammed to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,[1]
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
"Give me," I cried, "(enough for me)
My bread, and independency!"
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it; I stop short.

[1] Craggs gave him several shares in the South-Sea Company; as did also Sir Francis Child, the banker. Pope did not sell them, and always rejoiced that he did not gain by the misery of others.

BOOK II. SATIRE VI.

THE FIRST PART IMITATED IN THE YEAR 1714, BY DR. SWIFT; THE LATTER PART ADDED AFTERWARDS.

I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be Thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits.
Preserve, Almighty Providence,
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puffed by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the dean will be of use,

Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemmed by a triple circle round,
Chequered with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been to proud,
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penned,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone"—
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two"—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
"Be satisfied, I'll do my best:"—
Then presently he falls to tease,

"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that; [wind?"
As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaimed at Charing Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell.
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tete-a-tete*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court;
I'm stopped by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
"Faith, sir, you know as much as I."
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—"I protest
'Tis one to me"—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly tossed,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbor's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the Houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends,
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend, Dan Prior, told, (you know)
A tale extremly *a propos:*
Name a town life, and in a trice,
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding, that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;

Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But showed his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport,
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court)."

The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn;
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late).

Behold the place, where if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tete-a-tete*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ca est bon! Ah goutez ca!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray, dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door"—

The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your d——d stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same desert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

BOOK IV. ODE I.

TO VENUS.

Again! new tumults in my breast?
Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms.
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires;
To *number five* direct your doves, [loves;
There spread round Murray[1] all your blooming
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit.
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form,) and Chloe lend the face:
His house embosomed in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendant green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:

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[1] Afterwards Lord Mansfield. See previous note, p. 292.

Thither, the silver sounding lyres
Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
Where every Grace and Muse shall throng,
Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
Shall hail the rising, close the parting day,
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The still-believing, still-renewed desire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek, the involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee!
Thee, drest in fancy's airy beam,
Absent I follow through the extended dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms.
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
And now on rolling waters snatched away.

PART OF THE NINTH ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—

Sages and chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
Those raised new empires o'er the earth,
And these, new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died.
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.

THE FOURTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE'S EPISTLES.[1]

A MODERN IMITATION.

Say, St. John,[2] who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
'Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?'[3]
Or, urged by unquenched native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?[4]
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
E'en Chartres' self is scarce a name.
To you (the all-envied gift of heaven)[5]

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[1] This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes:

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed.— Note in *Johnson's* Edition.

[2] Ad Albium Tibullum.
Albi, nostrorum sermonum, candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

[3] The lines here quoted occur in the "Essay on Man."

[4] An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres?

[5] . . . . . Di tibi formam
Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.

The indulgent gods, unasked, have given
A form complete in every part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.
What could a tender mother's care[1]
Wish better to her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,[2]
And gleaming hope, and black despair;
Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
A truth I tell with bleeding heart
(In justice for your labours past),
[3]That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injured country due.
In spite of tears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

---

[1] Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Qui sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
. . . . . non deficiente crumena?

[2] Inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras.

[3] Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.
Johnson.

APPENDIX.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.[1]

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the *Dunciad*, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occured to me, I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person, whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: A stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men

[1] This letter was supposed to have been written by Pope himself.

of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the *Dunciad*. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent,—in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers; I mean by authors without names: then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exile, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurd-

ity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names, of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of; law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there); but sure it can be none: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes malice and villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanenss, but against malice and villainy. The apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burdens, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets, with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals, than in their writings: must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objection on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune

have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the *Essay on Criticism?* Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions, I believe may be true: "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside: "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dulness whe he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number, who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment

in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinction shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.[1] But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without pensions; from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them,—I mean when out of power or out of fashion.[2] A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason,

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[1] "Essay on Criticism," in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I., after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. "Rape of the Lock," in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His essays and dissertations on Homer, several times translated in French. "Essay on Man," by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.—*Warburton.*

[2] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke at his leaving England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South Sea year, and after his death; others only in epitaphs. —*Warburton.*

that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.

I am,

Your most humble servant,

St. James's, Dec. 22, 1728. WILLIAM CLELAND.[1]

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DUNCIAD

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

Dennis' Remarks on Prince Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

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[1] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the minister in the sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment for the constitution of his country. And yet for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter.—*Warburton.*

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets: and the censures he has passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Preface to his New Rehearsal.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Letter to Mist, June 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Dedication to the Author of the Dunciad.

A satire upon dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thy own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. Scriblerus Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of

variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of fortune as well as merit of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem so themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We propose to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's but at Oxford! a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: One saith,[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another,[9] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[10] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod a tradesman or merchant; another[11] a husbandman; another,[12] a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, viz. a demon: for thus Mr. Gildon:—[13]

"Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or

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1 Giles Jacob's "Lives of the Poets," vol. ii. in his Life.
2 Dennis's "Reflections on the Essay on Crit."
3 "Dunciad Dissected," p. 4.
4 "Guardian," No. 40.
5 Jacob's "Lives," &c., vol. ii.
6 "Dunciad Dissected," p. 4."
7 Farmer P. and his son.
8 "Dunciad Dissected."
9 "Characters of the Times," p. 45.
10 "Female Dunciad," p. ult.
11 "Dunciad Dissected."
12 Roome, "Paraphrase on the fourth of Genesis," printed 1729.
13 "Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend," printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his "Key to the Dunciad" (first edition, said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his "Key" he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the "Curliad," p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only,

education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr. John Dennis.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his ryhmes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; and instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place—"What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by the former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably." [1]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian

Mr. Oldmixon.

"I dare not say any thing on the Essay of Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery." [2]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded.

Mr. Leonard Welsted;

Who, out of great respect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth: "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

[1] Reflections critical and satirical on Rhapsody, called "An Essay on Criticism," printed for Bernard Lintot, 8 vo.

[2] "Essay on Criticism in prose," octavo, 1728, by the author of the "Critical History of England."

Mr. Addison.

"The Essay on Criticism," saith he, "which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are, some of them, uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that ocasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves."[1] He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind! the Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. John Dennis,

That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous![2]

But the author of the Dispensary,[3]

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[1] "Spectator," No. 253.

[2] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks, on Pope's "Homer," 1717.

[3] Printed 1728, p. 12.

Dr. Garth,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloïsa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloïsa in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue; if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and garden by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. Prior

himself, saying in his Alma: [1]

"O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill has weaved
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a laudable translation." [2] That ready writer,

Mr. Oldmixon,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. Lewis Theobald

thus extols it,[3] "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, "That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person

[1] "Alma," Cant. 2. [2] In his "Essays," vol. i., printed for E. Curll
[3] "Censor," vol ii. n. 33.

has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! we are told in

Mist's Journal (*June* 8).

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

Mr. Addison's Freeholder, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil, of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder; nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him since he saith himself that he did it before.[1] Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26 and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. Theobald, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728)

publish such an author as he has at least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this

[1] Vide Preface to Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of the "Iliad," 4to.

project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exhorbitant subscription." Gentle reader be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription."

"After the Iliad he undertook (saith

Mist's Journal June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. Pope's Proposal for the Odyssey (*printed by J. Watts, Jan.* 10, 1724).

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." Bnt these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous, parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole. Behold! these underlings are become good writers!"

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance: verily those who set it on foot or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the lord viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testifiy, and the right honourable the lord Bathurst, now living doth testifiy, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

Mist's Journal June 8, 1728).

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, Mr. Wycherly had before "introduced him into

a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused, no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

James Moore Smith, Gent.

"Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print."[1] Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that, "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them." &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others, who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenious, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

[1] "Daily Journal," March 18, 1728.

Mr. James Moore Smith.

"The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years."[1] This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed these memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have, of exposing it." This noble person is the earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintances, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

John Duke of Buckingham

sums up his character in these lines:

'And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.'[2]

So also is he decipherd by

The Hon. Simon Harcourt.

'Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurell'd arch, for thy triumphant muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!'
Thy soul's delight——[3]

[1] "Daily Journal," April 3, 1728.
[2] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of "Homer."
[3] Poem prefixed to his works.

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. Walter Hart,

in this apostrophe:

'Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays,
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And e'en thy life be faultless as thy line,
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.'[1]

The witty and moral satirist,

Dr. Edward Young,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

'Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?'[2]

Mr. Mallet,

in his Epistle on Verbal Criticism:

'Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme, is but his second praise.'

Mr. Hammond,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv

'Now, fired by Pope and virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.'

Mr. Thomson,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

'Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.'

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

Mr. William Broome:

'Thus, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe the unerring laws.'[3]

And. to close all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's:

'A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught:

[1] In his poems, printed for B. Lintot. [2] "Universal Passions," sat. i.
[3] In his poems at the end of the "Odyssey."

Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each business fit;
Whose meanest talent is his wit,' &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough quoted

Mr. John Dennis,

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which was just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of quality, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's.—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, "nevertheless, he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar of the church of England."

Of both which opinions

Mr. Lewis Theobald

seems also to be; declaring in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But as to his pique against people of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners; [1] an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposter on both parties; or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a price set on

[1] The names of two weekly papers.

his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[1] Another protests he does not know what may happen; advises him to ensure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[2] One desires he would cut his own throat or, hang himself.[3] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of parliament then under prosecution.[4] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[5] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster that will one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[6] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[7] Mr. Curll boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses: and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad![8]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. Theobald,

in censuring his Shakespeare, declares, "He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inestimable poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice at the expense of that other gentleman's character."[9]

Mr. Charles Gildon,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarcely anything truly and naturally written upon love.[10] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Black-

[1] Theobald, Letter in "Mist's Journal," June 22, 1728.

[2] Smedley, pref. to "Gulliveriana," pp. 14, 16.

[3] "Gulliveriana," p. 332. [4] Anno 1723. [5] Anno 1729.

[6] Preface to "Rem. on 'The Rape of the Lock,'" p. 12; and in the last page of that treatise.

[7] Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book called, "A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements," occasioned by Pope and Swift's "Miscellanies." Printed for A. Moore, 8vo, 1712.

[8] A list of Persons, &c., at the end of the forementioned "Collection of all the Letters, Essays," &c.

[9] Introduction to his "Shakespeare Restored," in 4to, p. 3.

[10] "Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's 'Essay,'" 8vo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

more for his herterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. Oldmixon

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good in verses Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, except this of our author only." [1]

The Author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber

says: "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that, his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to anybody's. And, that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." [2] And

Mr. Thomas Cooke,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out:

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days." [3]

So also one who takes the name of

H. Stanhope,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell,[4] in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could shew
(Tuned justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give:
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureate,

Mr. Colley Cibber,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor

[1] In his prose "Essay on Criticism." [2] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.
[3] "Battle of the Poets," folio, p. 15.
[4] Printed under the title of "The Progress of Dulness," 12mo, 1728.

wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion."[1] Here we see our excellent laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon.

in the most furious of all their words (the forecited Character, p. 5), do in concert[2] confess, "That some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17) "that he has got, like Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse"

On his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

Bezaleel Morris:

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flattery drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear," &c.

And

Mr. Leonard Welsted

thus wrote[3] to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay; "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a perform-

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[1] Cibber's "Letter to Mr. Pope," p. 9, 22.

[2] [In concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this case: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly shew, that we are not writers in concert with each other.

'Sir,

'The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and, finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.'

'Sir,

'I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

'CH. GILDON.'

"Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, "Remarks on the Dunciad," p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

[3] In a letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

ance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight anywhere, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner, &c., &c., &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[1]—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[2]—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury charged at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him, that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools."[3]

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer, of £200, from King George I. and £100 from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[4] ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.[5] The "Daily Journal," May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey, in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the 'Marriage-Hater Matched,' and the 'Boarding

[1] Dennis, preface to his "Reflections on the Essay on Criticism."
[2] Preface to his "Remarks on Homer."
[3] "Remarks on Homer," pp. 8, 9. [5] Ib., p. 8.
[4] "Character of Mr. Pope," p. 7.

School,' are better than the 'What-d'ye-call-it;'" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his "New Rehearsal," p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Gray;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called 'Dr. Andrew Tripe;'"[1] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in "Mist" of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of "Gulliveriana" is of another opinion: and says, "The whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver."[2] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in "Mist" of June 8th, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the "Dunciad" than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by his concern, who was the true mother of the child."[3]

But from all that has been said, the discerning reader will collect that it little availed our author to have any candor, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:[4] if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[5] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character: of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to

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[1] Ib., p. 6. [2] "Gulliv.," p. 336. [3] Cibber's "Letters to Mr. P.," p. 19.
[4] Burnet's "Homerides," p. 1, of his translation of the "Iliad."
[5] The "London" and "Mist's" Journals on his undertaking the "Odyssey."

turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times, no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimony of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of these who knew him not.

P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness: so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the form, and (saith Horace) who adapted the measure to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed, from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer, composed of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem that the hero, or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed no more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a Dunciad; which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer, which are yet left, he did conceive it

in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time, the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who neither scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[1] Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dulness and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory [2] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors,[3] and the effects they produce:[4] then the materials or stock, with which they furnish them;[5] and, above all, that self-opinion [6] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action; and none could be more so

[1] Vide Bossu, "Du Poeme Epique," chap. viii.
[2] Bossu, chap. vii. [3] Book i., ver. 32, &c. [4] Ver. 45 to 54.
[5] Ver. 57 to 77. [6] Ver. 80.

than that which our poet hath chosen,[1] viz., the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness, their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world, as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name,[2] he finds it to be ————; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition ; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire, of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist; whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dictator; the fourth, the brawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party writer: and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowedged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiment so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies;"[3] but adds, "our author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that, in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than

[1] Ibid., chaps. vii., viii.
[2] Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poet. cap. ix.
[3] Cibber's "Letter to Mr. P.," pp. 9, 12, 41.

have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[1] True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Duncia.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem in

[1] See his Essays.

truth he miresably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to sppport the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that in the great epic, the prime intention of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence everything is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitted the dignity of his character.

But the muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the muse in her various moods what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad: and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the muse arose and the little epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic): and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accuracy of Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy of observation, the unequal contest

of an old, dull debauched buffoon Cyclops with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece? Proceed we, therefore, in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater epic should be an honest man; or as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme:*[1] but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the little epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, much juster the moral of that poem must needs be where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Duncaid. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the great epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world," will such an one say, "impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at."[2] This, we see, is vanity ancording to the heroic gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which everybody knows we have. "The world may ask," says he "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my life very pleasantly with them."[3] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely "whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself, for not being a wise man?"[4]

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[1] "Si un heros poëtique doit être un honnête homme."—Bossu, du "Poëme Epique," liv. v., ch. 5.

[2] Ded. to the "Life of C. C." [3] Life, p. 2, 8vo edit. [4] Ibid.

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue, in the mock hero, is, that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis; but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who, having told us that he placed his "*summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "if I am misguided, 'tis nature's fault, and I follow her."[1] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face, "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient of the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespeare calls it) "summer-teeming lust," and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection, to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think," argueth he, "to say only a man has his w——,[2] ought to go for little or nothing? because *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty."[3] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life! not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

> "——— Servetur ad imum
> Qualis ab incepto processerat.——"

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us further remark, that the calling her his w——, implied she

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[1] "Life of C. C.," p. 23, 8vo edit.

[2] Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

> "And has not Colly still his lord and——
> His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?"

[3] "Letter to Mr. P.," p. 46.

was his own, and not his neighbor's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbor's! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, assurance, debauchery, springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as he well termeth it, [1] of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reason but risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As nature," saith this profound philosopher, "distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them." [2] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden? [3]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficent to restore the decayed empire of dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and *intimado* of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But the impatient reader will be apt to say, "If so many and various graces go to the making up a

[1] "Letter to Mr. P.," p. 31. [2] "Life," pp. 23, 24.
[3] "Letter to Mr. P.," p. 8.

hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character?" Ill hath he read who seeth not, in every trace of this picture that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts: and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her laureat son reclines,"

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah!" saith he, "fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool."[1] However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[2] live at least though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards."[3]

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred and perfect things, either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

"It would never," say they, "have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneas, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess born and princes bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person, 'never a hero even on the stage,'[4]) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of dulness, an achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass?"

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:* "that every man is the smith of his own fortune."

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[1] "Letter to Mr. P.," p. 53.
[2] "Letter," p. 1.
[3] "Don Quixote," part ii., book ii., ch. 22.
[4] See "Life," p. 148.

The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him," saith he, "but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself: at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[1] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[2] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[3] and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power;[4] at another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[5] to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired:[6] to two lord chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him, at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[7] and to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[8]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[9] face to face in Nottingham; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps; he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution:[10] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[11]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[12] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all:[13] and what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had; even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a might warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight,

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[1] P. 149. [2] P. 424. [3] P. 366.
[4] P. 457. [5] P. 18. [6] P. 425.
[7] Pp. 436, 437. [8] P. 52. [9] See "Life," p. 47. [10] P. 57.
[11] Pp. 58, 59. [12] A statuary. [13] "Life," p. 6.

namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

> 'ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!"

if no man be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature," said he, "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with." [1] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune." [2] And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly; as to buffoonery. "Is it," saith he "a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c., &c." [3] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law popœian) and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "my dulness will find somebody to do it right." [4]

> "Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
> Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus." [5]

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[1] See "Life," p. 424. [2] P. 19. [3] P. 17.
[4] See "Life," p. 243, 8vo edit.
[5] Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

THE END.

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